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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	29
HOW TO LIMIT THE WAR	31
BRITAIN'S PLACE IN EUROPE	32
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	33
THIS ENGLAND	34
TOTAL LIBERTY. By Sagittarius	34
YUGOSLAVIA NOW. By Alexander Werth	34
WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS. By Ian Mikardo, M.P.	35
SINGAPORE TO-DAY. By Derrick Sington	36
POET AS PARIAH. By George Barker	37
SO THEY SAY. . . . By Autolycus	38
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Two Revivals. By T. C. Worsley	38
More Italian Art at the Tate. By Basil Taylor	39
Radio Notes. By William Salter	39
The Movies. By William Whitebait	39
CORRESPONDENCE	40
From H. N. Brailsford; E. J. Hobsbawm; Albert D. Belden; K. Zilliacus; I. Alexander; Arthur Peacock; and Trudy Bliss.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier	43
THE CHICKEN'S FOOT. By D. J. Enright	44
REVIEWS:	Page
The Bunker Revisited. By A. J. P. Taylor	44
Spanish Honour. By V. S. Pritchett	44
You Want a Guide? By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	46
After the Ball. By Simon Harcourt-Smith	48
New Novels. By Frank Hauser	50
Trees. By Edward Hyams	51
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville-West	51
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	52
CHESS. By Assiac	53

Unto the Third and Fourth Generation . . .

THE reasons why the Communist leaders of the Peace Campaign have narrowed the issue of their petition to the outlawing of the atomic bomb are well known. This appeal consolidates the common people everywhere, East and West of the Iron Curtain, and divides them morally from Governments which threaten to use atomic weapons. It is argued that moral revulsion against use of the atomic bomb might seriously handicap the West in case of war and weaken its bargaining power before war breaks out. It is easy to understand the annoyance of the National Executive of the Labour Party that the Communists should pretend that they alone are anxious for peace when they are prepared to defend any breach of the peace provided that the aggression is Communist.

Recognition of Communist motives, however, does not in the least excuse the Labour Executive statement that failure to secure the international control of atomic weapons has been solely due to the intransigence of the Russian leaders. This is as blatant an over-simplification —not to use a stronger word—as any in the Communist propaganda that the Executive is denouncing. The breakdown on the Atomic Energy Commission was *not* "solely due" to the Russians, whose proposal for permanent United Nations inspection and supervision of atomic plants in all countries and the simultaneous destruction of atomic piles is still on the table, as the alternative to the politically obsolete Baruch Plan. Instead of making a constructive answer to this Soviet offer—an answer which, if the Soviet Union itself has the atomic bomb, seems more than ever necessary—the President of the United States replied by threatening to manufacture the hydrogen bomb. That threat in its turn has strengthened the appeal of what Mr. Acheson calls the "Trojan Dove of the Peace Campaign."

The moral and political quandary in which "realists" find themselves was illustrated by the Conservative Party's immediate disavowal of the demand by Major P. G. Roberts, Member for Heeley, that the atomic bomb should be used against the capital of Northern Korea. His logic was irrefragable. Once America had decided to blast the forces of Northern Korea, why pretend that there would be something peculiarly wicked in using a small number of atomic rather than a large number of ordinary bombs? In terms of atomic strategy Mr. Churchill's disclaimer was not different from the pious denunciation of open-town bombing which preceded the "area" bombing of the Second World War. All that the horror provoked by Major Roberts' proposal showed was that Conservatives, too, recognise the strength of the revulsion against atomic warfare.

There is, however, one distinction between the new types of warfare and the old, which Major Roberts in his efforts to be logical and realistic may have forgotten. Nearly five years have passed since the first atomic bomb exploded high above Hiroshima, and cases of blindness, hitherto unsuspected, have now begun to develop as a result of that explosion. So ignorant are scientists of the results of nuclear fission that they have set up an expert commission to observe evidence in Hiroshima for the next twenty years. In short, the atomic bomb is of a different order from former weapons of destruction because it has biological effects which are quite unknown. The crime which the Americans and British committed in Japan in 1945 was not that they used a particularly powerful bomb, but that they did not know what effects it was going to have on the entire future development of the human race. Aldous Huxley was not drawing a long bow in his book *Ape and Essence*, when he pictured a future society in which the normal child is a rarity and a monster the usual fruit of the womb. This is indeed to visit the sins of the father on the third and fourth—indeed, as far as we can see on the thirtieth and fortieth—generation.

The leaders of the Peace Campaign are correctly accused of being Soviet stooges, but their attitude would seem to be preferable to the hypocrisy of those who denounce their propaganda against atomic warfare without even troubling to ascertain the facts and consider the consequences, or to offer an alternative to the mass destruction of mankind.

The Battlefield

It is difficult from the meagre and confusing reports available to form a clear picture of the military situation in Korea. The Southern Koreans were decisively routed in the first battles, and are now credited with having only one division intact. On the other hand, either because of the blown bridges or because their operation was not so carefully mounted as was at first thought, the Northerners appear to be advancing South of the Han River very slowly and probably not in great strength. What

we do not know is whether Northern forces have developed to any extent the landings which they are said to have made at various points on the East coast, or whether considerable areas of Southern Korea are now bases for partisan attacks against the "liberating" Americans. The United States' decision to send ground and air units of the Marine Corps from California certainly suggests that General MacArthur takes a sober view of the military prospects and is not confident that mass bombing of the Northern capital will have decisive effects.

The very considerable American and British forces now operating in Korean waters are amply sufficient to prevent any movement of supplies by sea to any Northern bridgeheads held on the South Korean coast. Their presence, however, under overall American command, gives rise to a question of vital importance. Presumably any plans which the Chinese Communists had made for an operation against Formosa will now be postponed; but this is not certain. If the invasion does take place, any naval action taken by the Americans to repel it on the sea must be the concern of the U.S. Navy alone. Since American support for Chiang Kai-shek has in no way been endorsed by the Security Council, and since the British Government has recognised the Chinese People's Republic, it can be assumed, we trust, that the British Government has already made it clear to the British naval authorities in the Far East that they must on no account take part in what would be an act of piracy against Chinese transports.

Bidault, Queuille—and Schuman?

The motives of the French Socialists, in bringing down the Bidault Government, were evidently mixed. They had stayed outside M. Bidault's coalition because it was far too conservative; there came a point, very understandably, when they could no longer give it their votes in the Assembly. M. Queuille tried to solve the problem by moving still farther to the Right, so that the Gaullists secured a foothold in the Cabinet—in the person of M. Giacobbi—and the *haute bourgeoisie* still one more Ministerial representative in M. Reynaud. His was the most reactionary government in France since Vichy; and, when they saw what they had done, the Socialists joined with the Communists, the Gaullists and the M.R.P.'s Left wing in giving M. Queuille short shrift.

Possibly M. Schuman may now succeed in forming a caretaker Government, with support from the Socialists, who may be tempted to put party advantage above party principle and do a deal over electoral reform. Radicals and Right want an end to proportional representation; the M.R.P., with the Communists, see the maintenance of P.R. as their only hope of surviving as a parliamentary party. A general election cannot be long delayed; before it takes place, however, the Government of the day and the Assembly must pronounce for or against P.R. If P.R. is abolished, the Socialists believe they may collect deputies at the expense of the Communists, while the Radicals and Right hope to profit in the same way at the M.R.P.'s expense. It was probably this factor which prompted the Left M.R.P. revolt against M. Queuille.

Coal Costs and Wages

At first glance, the picture presented by the National Coal Board's report for 1949 is encouraging: operating profits exceeded £31 millions and, after providing over £13 millions in interest to the ex-coalowners, £3.5 millions in profits tax, and £4 millions as additional provision for workmen's compensation, there was a surplus of £9.5 millions, as compared with under £2 millions in 1948. These better results were due partly to an increase of 5 million tons in total output and partly to a fall of 6d. a ton in production costs—the equivalent of £5 million a year. Output per manshift for all workers was about 23 cwt., an improvement on 1938.

So far, so good. But two less reassuring features emerge from the Report. First, the gain in proceeds was due largely to the export of 3 million tons more coal—export prices being still appreciably above those obtained in the home market. It is by no means certain that the benefits of this dual pricing can be indefinitely secured or that even the current volume of exports can be maintained. Secondly, as we have already pointed out in these columns, the figures of manpower at the industry's disposal are becoming a matter for real concern. During 1949, numbers employed at the coal face fell by 2,200, and the total labour force by 17,400. This decline appears to be gathering force. The Annual Report of the N.U.M. Executive remarks that in the first five months of this year the labour force decreased by 9,100, and the numbers working at the face by 6,000.

It is clear that, if adequate coal supplies are to be ensured, this trend will have to be arrested. The National Coal Board's plan for the long-term reconstruction of the industry has, it seems, at long last been completed and is now under the Board's consideration. But though it may be possible to offset declining man power by further mechanisation, by the opening up of new, more productive workings and by closing high-cost pits, there is little hope of retaining a sufficient labour force in the industry unless some of the miners' present demands—increased wages for the day wage men, fourteen days paid holidays and a pension scheme—are met. The Scots strike and the delegates' mood at the N.U.M. conference are a warning.

More Money for Films

Parliament has voted the additional million pounds for the Film Finance Corporation and accepted the revision of the schedule of the Entertainment Tax to benefit both producers and exhibitors. But the Government never met the sensible criticisms of these two expedients made, principally, by Mr. Lyttelton. Each helps to prop up and perpetuate the present unhealthy structure of the industry and reveals that Mr. Wilson is still far from envisaging a thorough-going policy for films.

The revision of Entertainment Tax will relieve all seats under sevenpence from tax, and reduce the rate on those under eighteenpence, while permitting an increase in the box-office price for more expensive seats without a corresponding rise in Excise. This concession will cost the Treasury some £330,000. It is expected, however, that the industry will benefit by about £3 millions, half of which will go into a central pool to be shared out to producers in proportion to the earning power of their feature productions. Of the remainder, allocated to the cinema proprietors, a further sum will filter back to producers by means of their percentage interest in total box-office takings, thus increasing the total revenue accruing to producers by anything up to twenty per cent.

This is certainly a temporary recompense for the inadequate share of revenue received by the producers, but it has been achieved by giving a similar sop to the exhibitors. It is, moreover, probably too little to bridge the gap between the cost of the average first feature and its normal revenue. And the device of a central pool may well lead to a further limitation of feature production, so that the available funds of the pool would be spread over a smaller number of films. Altogether, this is an unsatisfactory makeshift, again involving a drain on the Treasury. If public money is to be poured out in this fashion, then there must be a real public policy for the regeneration of a very sick industry.

Leasehold Law

The Government should have little difficulty in making up its mind as between the majority and minority recommendations of the Jenkins Committee on leasehold law. The majority report constitutes, in effect, an uncompromising defence of landlordism. It is conceded that occupying ground lessees of small houses and, in certain cases, of business premises may be entitled to greater security of tenure on the lines of the Rent Restriction Acts; but, on the general issue of leasehold enfranchisement, the view is expressed that there is no case for doing anything to interfere with the rights of landlords to deal as they please with their property. Indeed, it is argued, the multiplication of small freeholds would hinder good estate management, while covenants compelling lessees to repair and maintain house properties which will ultimately revert to the ground landlord have the advantage that they keep thriftless tenants "up to the mark."

This report, which seeks to endorse the sanctity of contracts concluded in the mid-nineteenth century, when monopoly ownership of land was grossly exploited, is obviously repugnant to the policy of any government representing the Labour Movement of this country. The proposals of the minority—namely, that occupying ground lessees of dwelling houses should have a right of leasehold enfranchisement by compulsory purchase of the fee simple—may fall short of providing the ultimate Socialist solution, which is that the ownership of the land should be vested in the State; but they at least provide an interim method of dealing with a problem which will become increasingly acute during the next ten or twenty years as the leases granted in the building boom of the 1850s and 1860s fall in. Many holders of leases, of course, may not desire, or may not be able to afford to purchase the freehold. In such cases obviously the ground rents at which leases are renewed should be subject to the control of a tribunal.

PARLIAMENT : Korea

Tuesday

As Mr. Churchill pointedly remarked, it was the Government, not the Opposition, which insisted on debating Korea. The Tory position was clear. Old partisans of Churchill and reformed appeasers were united in vehement support of resistance to Communist aggression and warm in welcoming Washington's speed and determination. For some, it was a fortunate coincidence that the United Nations Charter and American power politics marched together in Korea, and that the Security Council was not hampered by Cominform delegates. On the fringes, Major Roberts unrepentantly repeated on paper his call for atom bombing, whilst Mr. Emrys Hughes and others re-echoed their appeal for a ban on it.

To many Labour Members, the situation was not quite so simple. The overwhelming majority agreed that North Korea was an aggressor, that the rules of collective security must apply, and that the *status quo ante* must somehow be restored. But Sir Hartley Shawcross scarcely carried the Party when he described South Korea as "one of the lighthouses of liberty"—presumably, as Sidney Silverman said, because lighthouses are always on the rocks. Had it been a clear case of one independent State attacking another, there would be little doubt; but as it was one half of a country, under Soviet tutelage, attacking the other half, under American tutelage—with the possibility that the former was the less "reactionary"—suspicions of Yankee Imperialism and dislike of being led by the nose by General MacArthur were bound to be aroused.

Curiously enough, Mr. Bower, a Tory barrister, put his finger on the source of Socialist doubts, by pointing to non-recognition of Communist China as the weakness in the American case and the "excuse" for Russia's boycott of Uno. The absence from the Security Council of representatives from Communist China as well as Soviet Russia raised a query in some Members' minds about the legitimacy of its authority. Led by Mr. McAllister, forty Members took the rather quaint course of expressing their uncertain feelings in this matter in the form of a proposal that Uno be now transformed into effective World Government "able to make and maintain world law." Above all, Labour Members want to act legitimately, to localise, adhering strictly to the Charter, and to keep the American punches below the belt of the 38th parallel.

In the Lords, Samuel presented his Liberties of the Subject Bill, designed to protect us from delegated law-making, "snoopers," and quasi-judicial tribunals. Strong on generalities, their Lordships, inhibited by the knowledge that all parties were guilty of widening the scope of administrative law, were not very clever on cases. The Lord Chancellor made much play with the Liberals' guilt, for the first "snoopers" for the Inland Revenue were authorised under Harcourt's 1894 Act and delegated laws numbered over a thousand annually before the First World War. The fact was, he said, that the Bill's provision to pass all laws through the parliamentary process was unworkable and would lead to such absurdities as a fresh Bill whenever Mr. Ede decided to declare some new drug to be dangerous.

In spite of the raised eyebrows, Lord Jowitt was on solid constitutional ground when he claimed that no Government had done more to increase the subjects' legal liberty than the present one. The 1947 Crown Proceedings Act, enabling the citizen for the first time to sue the Crown, makes it difficult to demonstrate that the Labour Government stands for an all-powerful Executive.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

How to Limit the War

For the next few weeks the actual fighting in Korea will be of secondary importance. What really matter are the decisions which must now be taken in Moscow, Washington and London. About American intentions, it is dangerous to be dogmatic. Obviously a general policy of "containing" Communism in Asia has always envisaged the possible use of American armed forces ; yet intervention in the particular case of Korea was not part of a coherent military strategy but a sudden reaction to a political emergency. Since Mr. Marshall's policy of reconciliation in China broke down, there has been no clear American policy in the Far East ; what the U.S.A. has done from month to month has been the resultant of the clash of conflicting interests in the Senate, the State Department, and the Pentagon. The net effect of this erratic American attitude has been to frustrate British efforts to relax the tension through the recognition of Communist China. Committed to an arduous colonial war alongside the French in Indo-China and the British in Malaya, Mr. Truman may be rather more ready to work out a long-term policy. Owing to the tactical weakness of the Western Powers in the Far East, however, that policy will be largely dictated by what Russia does or rather by our assessment of what she intends to do. The Kremlin holds the tactical initiative, and it will be the Kremlin's strategy that will largely determine whether the result of the Korean incident is an armistice in the Cold War or a continued drift towards World War III.

What is the Kremlin's strategy? Some competent observers believe that a trap was laid in Korea and that the Americans fell heavily into it. The Russians, they argue, would have abandoned their boycott of Uno, even to the extent of sitting side by side with the representative of Nationalist China, if they had wanted to veto the resolution condemning North Korea ; that they did not do so, can only be explained by a readiness to allow the U.S. to commit itself to defend a position of military political and moral weakness. As further evidence for this view, they point to the date of the North Korean attack, the beginning of the monsoon season, during which military operations are almost bound to bog down. The Russians, they say, have now got the Americans exactly where they want them, bombing Korean cities to pieces, defending a corrupt and reactionary South Korean regime and, most important of all, throwing half of MacArthur's total army into an area of no strategic importance to the U.S.A. From the Russian military point of view, American intervention of this kind will have a good effect throughout Asia, adding fresh fuel to the Communist peace campaign and emphasising the contrast between a pacific Russia and imperialist America.

On this view of Russian strategy the Kremlin will certainly abstain from all intervention in North Korea and the Chinese Communists will avoid, for the time being, any conflict with the American forces now occupying Formosa. For the purpose of the operation, on this theory, was not so much to overthrow Syngman Rhee as to weaken the forces of the Western Powers by dispersing them and committing them over the widest possible front. Then, when those forces were strained to breaking point, the Russians would move against more important objectives. If Korea were indeed a feint, the real attack should be expected elsewhere—for instance, if British troops had been moved to the Pacific from the Middle East, in Persia, without whose oil the Russians could not face the prospect of a major war. This view of the Kremlin's attitude has the advantage of logic and consistency. If Stalin regards a world war as ultimately inevitable, the Korean move would be perfectly sensible, since it would ensure that, when the war began, the Western Powers had already gone a long way to achieving their own defeat.

We believe, however, that such theorising is too clever by half. The Russians know far better than we do their industrial weakness in terms of a long war against America. They are also aware of the implications of America's superiority in atomic weapons. It is most unlikely, therefore, that they would deliberately scheme to precipitate American armed intervention in Korea. Moreover, all the evidence of history shows that the Communist mind dislikes a single-track strategy. The Kremlin's policies are usually ambivalent. Causes are calculated by the Marxist to have at least two possible effects and a strategic plan is prepared to meet each foreseeable possibility.

It is far more likely, therefore, that, in sanctioning the invasion of South Korea the Russians hoped for a quick victory which would present the Americans with a *fait accompli*. They knew that the State Department and the Pentagon had written off South Korea as well as Formosa, and they must have supposed that even the unpredictable American does not withdraw all his troops from an area he intends to defend to the last man. M. Malik, therefore, was perhaps genuinely surprised by the sudden American switch, and he may well have been unable to obtain fresh instructions from Moscow before the Security Council—after America had acted—passed its sanctions resolution. The Russians are legalistic people, and they can hardly have expected so rapid an interpretation of the spirit of the Charter in defiance of its letter—which makes it clear enough that decisions of this kind demand unanimity among the Great Powers.

We incline, therefore, to the view that the Russians were more taken aback by the American intervention than the Americans were by the act of aggression. They have been frustrated in the first aim of their operation and driven back on what was for them a second best, the commitment of the U.S.A. to a costly colonial war. If our analysis is correct, both Washington and Moscow have been caught off balance and are having to do some very hard thinking in order to revise their plans. The

Americans, who a few weeks ago were thought to have written off Formosa and Korea, face the prospect of military commitments far beyond the effective strength of their own or their Allies' available forces. There is a grave danger that, in a frantic effort to gain a prestige victory in Korea, MacArthur will demand reinforcements from more important areas. On the other side, the Russians may be tempted by the quite unexpected result of their Korean probe to try out other positions of weakness by similar methods and so to spread the conflagration.

The obvious way to prevent this happening is for Britain—we hope with the influential backing of Mr. Nehru—to renew her efforts to reconstitute the Security Council by the admission of Communist China and the return of the U.S.S.R. Even though war is being waged in Korea, the Security Council has still power to mediate or even to demand the winding up of American action. If peace is to be restored, the United Nations Organisation must be preserved and a complete severance between East and West avoided. So far, the Chinese Communists have not been involved in Korea, and the American occupation of Formosa, however dangerous it may be in other respects, has had one beneficial result, the ending of the Nationalist blockade of the Yangtse. Only a lunatic can believe that our position in the Far East can be improved by an open clash between the Americans and the Chinese Communists. Mr. Bevin has wisely maintained his relations with the Peking Government. Now is the time to justify his policy against his critics by showing that it can become the means for re-opening negotiations.

Britain's Place in Europe

It seems necessary, so little is the obvious understood when the will to misunderstand exists, to say once again why it is totally impossible for Great Britain to accept any arrangement under which the British economy would become subject to direction by a supra-national authority limited to Western Europe. Collaboration with the countries of Western Europe most leaders of British opinion eagerly desire, as far as it can be made compatible with other no less essential economic relations. But external direction by a supra-national authority, political or non-political, over our national economic affairs would be intolerable and disastrous unless that authority covered a field much wider than Western Europe and included countries much more complementary in their products and demands. To begin with, Western Europe can neither supply Great Britain with more than a tiny fraction of her essential requirements nor afford an outlet for more than a small proportion of the things Great Britain must export in order to pay for imports. This would remain true even if there were no special problems of dollar shortage to make matters worse. Western Europe bears no resemblance at all to either the United States or the Soviet Union—each an area capable both of producing most of what it needs and of consuming most of what it produces. The peoples of Western Europe must live, largely by importing from and exporting to other parts of the world; and the markets to which they must look are, partly for historical and partly for natural reasons, mainly competitive.

British refusal to merge the British economy in that of Western Europe would not be altered even if the complexion of politics on the Continent were entirely different from what it is. It would be, no doubt, very much easier to enter into close economic collaboration with a Socialist Western Europe pledged to the policies of fair shares and full employment; but not even with such a West would it be possible for the British people to pool its economic sovereignty on any exclusive basis. It would be nearly as intolerable for us to take external orders about our trade relations with the Commonwealth or the rest of the sterling area from a Socialist supra-national West European authority as from one dominated by a capitalist-Catholic coalition. It is not because of politics that we have to reject such a system: it is because, from our point of view, it simply fails to make economic sense.

Last year, all Continental Europe—East and West together, including the Soviet Union—took about one-quarter of total British exports and supplied about the same proportion of gross imports. For Western Europe, in the widest sense, the proportions were, in each case, about one-fifth. As against this, the countries of the British Commonwealth took well over half our exports and supplied not far short of half our gross imports. Even if Canada is left out, the proportion of British exports going to Commonwealth markets was well over one-half the total. Scandinavia, our best European market, bought more than the United States and Canada combined; but Australia and New Zealand together bought more British goods than all the rest of Western Europe. The Union of South Africa alone bought more than France, Belgium and Holland combined, and so did India, even without Pakistan. India, with Pakistan, was well ahead of Scandinavia: British Africa, apart from the Union, was only just behind Scandinavia.

These facts are, or should be, perfectly well known. Economically, Great Britain is not just a part of Europe, but the centre of a world trading system in which non-European countries play by far the greater part. A big proportion of total world trade is done in sterling, including much that does not show directly in the export figures—for example, shipping and insurance. The British standard of life—indeed, the very possibility of maintaining the British people on its small island—depends on this world-wide system of trade relations; and the sole protection for Great Britain against the disastrous effects of dollar shortage lies in building up close mutual relations with countries that are prepared to accept her exports as well as to supply her needs. Western Europe is no more able and willing to do this than the United States: in the main, as an exporting area, it is competitive and not complementary, with the partial exceptions of Scandinavia and the Netherlands.

Not so long ago the advocates of European unity used to show some knowledge of these elementary facts. The European economic union into which we used to be invited to enter was at least European, and not a rump; and the main argument used in predicating its economic viability was the immense scope for exchanges between the industrialised West and the undeveloped East. We were told of the vast openings for the exchange of capital goods and consumer goods for the raw products of Eastern Europe; and the possibility of absorbing a revival of German industry without damage to the economies of Britain, France and Belgium was defended on the ground that German exports would again find their natural outlets in the East and South of the Continent. But to-day all this seems to be forgotten, and the case that used to be made out for a united Europe is simply transferred, despite its evident inapplicability, to a Western Europe that has no basis for integration except the military-political basis of anti-Communism.

Our immediate task as a nation is, economically, to make ourselves independent of American aid as fast as we can, and to earn enough dollars to do so without setting up dangerous reactions in the United States and without unduly restricting our purchases from Canada. If we can do this, as the leaders of a consolidated sterling group, on a basis of expansion of our mutual trade, instead of contraction all round, we shall be doing the best stroke of business, not only for ourselves and for the other sterling countries, but also for the world as a whole. We shall not, we agree, be pulling Western Europe's chestnuts out of the fire: but such a task is entirely beyond our power. The thing simply cannot be done except by breaking down the barriers between Eastern and Western Europe that the politicians who lead the anti-Communist crusade are busily building up in defiance of economic considerations.

What we have been saying by no means implies a negative answer to the demand for closer working with the rump of Western Europe. It implies only that we cannot contemplate an *exclusive* co-operation or subordination to an exclusively West European authority, however composed. It does not mean that we should not take the lead in proposing other projects of joint planning and pooling of economic development—for example, in the sphere of civil aviation, as we suggested in a recent article. We have shown, in our readiness to compromise on the question of the European Payments Union, our willingness to do all we can towards the liberalisation of mutual trade in Western Europe. But it would be folly for us to pretend that anything we can help to do on a basis of exclusively West European arrangements can make more than a small contribution towards the restoration of Europe's economic health, or can make sense at all of a revival of German industry without a breaking down of the barriers between East and West. Indeed, the more pressure there is

for concerted economic action in Western Europe, with its necessary implication of large-scale revival of German export trade, the more we ourselves shall have to press for a return to large-scale trade with the Soviet Union and its satellites, in order to relieve the increasing pressure in the West and to open the road for Western Europe as a whole to resume its natural economic connections with the East.

The sooner both reactionary statesmen in Western Europe and American bulls in the European china shop understand these plain necessities of Great Britain's economic situation the better. For, Great Britain is not just an island lying off the coast of Europe: it is the home of a people that means to defend its right to live and also of a great social experiment that its leaders have no right to sacrifice to the unviable project of economic union in a tormented fraction of Europe.

London Diary

If you were to judge public opinion by newspaper editorials, you would conclude that no one is seriously worried about the legality of military sanctions in Korea. This would be a superficial and misleading conclusion. In my experience there are a lot of people, particularly in the Labour Party, who feel uneasily that the rump Security Council acted *ultra vires*. Certainly the wording of the Charter makes unanimity among the Great Powers a prerequisite for action by the Security Council, and that was the original intention at San Francisco. But since 1945 Uno has been establishing its own procedural precedents, most of them designed to enable the Security Council to function despite the Cold War. The most important of these precedents was set very early on—and to everyone's surprise—by Mr. Gromyko when he abstained on a decision which required unanimity. Since then, all the Great Powers have on occasion followed Mr. Gromyko's example. Britain, for instance, abstained on the Palestine sanctions vote, and no one argued that we thereby rendered the decision illegal. But there is a second question. Can absence from the Council table be taken as the equivalent of abstention? According to the legal experts in the Foreign Office, it can. The Charter expressly lays down that the Security Council is in permanent session, and it must, therefore, be assumed that the members of the Council are always theoretically present and that absence is a method of registering abstention.

* * *

This official view may be conclusive in law. The argument developed by Mr. Brailsford this week seems to me far more powerful. He says in effect that Uno lacks authority and that we stand in danger of being caught in a trap. It will certainly be our own fault if we support in any way America's occupation of Formosa, which has no Uno justification. By linking military operations in Korea and Formosa in the same communiqué, President Truman sought to give the impression that he regarded them as parts of a single police action. In fact, as this journal pointed out last week, a moment's reflection shows that they cannot be. Legally, American intervention in Korea claims to be undertaken on behalf of the Security Council as sanctions against an aggressor; the occupation of Formosa is a straightforward piece of power politics which runs clean across the British policy of recognising Communist China and obtaining for her a seat on the Security Council. My impression is that Mr. Attlee would have preferred the President to issue two separate communiqués, so that Britain could give support to one and not to the other. In the next few weeks, our prime object must surely be to prevent a direct conflict with Peking; and I sincerely hope that a rebuke has gone to General Briggs, who very improperly stated in Singapore that the Korean affair might be expected to change British policy towards China.

* * *

I have just looked up a remarkable despatch from Walter Sullivan, writing from Seoul, which appeared in the *New York Times* of March 14. He reported that fourteen Members of the South Korean Assembly had been sent to jail for periods up to ten years for actions taken on instruction from the underground South Korean Labour Party. "Among these actions," he wrote, "according to the indictments, were the following":

1. Petitioning the United Nations for withdrawal of foreign troops (both Russian and American) including advisers.
2. Attempting to bring about the fall of the Cabinet by exposing malfeasance on the part of its members.
3. Seeking out unnecessary items in the budget in order to fight the budget bill in the Assembly.
4. Opposing invasion of North Korea by South Korean Forces.
5. Pressing for a constitutional revision.

It may be said that Communist "opposition" to an invasion does not mean that one was actually projected. They might have been merely inventing an invasion of the North by the South for propaganda purposes. There is, however, other evidence. A United Press dispatch from Tokyo in the *New York Herald Tribune* of November 1st, 1949, quoted an interview with Syngman Rhee. The Premier of South Korea said that his Government "would not much longer tolerate a divided Korea," and that South Korea was "strong enough to take Pyongyang within a few days." He added: "If we had our own way we would, I am sure, have started up already. But we had to wait until they (the American Government leaders) are ready. They keep telling us, 'No, no, no. You are not ready." This does not refute the charge of "aggression;" but was it as "unprovoked" as the Americans say?

* * *

From a propaganda point of view the advantage of the Colorado beetle is that Colorado is in America. By declaring that Americans have been dropping their own peculiarly nasty brand of beetle on the pure soil of Eastern Germany, Soviet propaganda may hope to increase general anti-American feeling and persuade Germans that, if the potato crop fails, it will not be the fault of the Communist Government but a proof of Washington's malice or of New York's desire to sell insecticides! How many Germans believe it, I don't know. They learnt to believe almost anything under the Goebbels regime, so they may even to-day believe that the Americans would be foolish enough to drop from aircraft beetles which, being uninhibited by barbed wire frontiers, and insufficiently indoctrinated in capitalist principles, cannot be relied upon to feed exclusively on Communist potatoes.

* * *

A far more serious form of Communist propaganda is seen in the new wave of trials and arrests in Eastern European countries of Social Democrats who are now accused, like the Colorado beetles, of sabotage. I see that Kalandra, the Czech Socialist author, was hanged with three of his comrades on June 26th. I also hear that Anna Kethly is among some 200 Socialist and trade union leaders who have been arrested lately in Hungary. The arrests seem to have been carried out secretly. Many of those who have disappeared were Left-wing Socialists who accepted fusion with the Communists. They are now accused of sabotage and in particular of encouraging the Hungarian workers to demand more wages and otherwise to show symptoms of freedom and trade union independence. Anna Kethly is in a special category. For more than 20 years one of the best-known and most beloved of European Socialists, she declined to fuse with the Communists. She has seldom been outside her own house since the fusion. When I was in Budapest in the summer of 1948 I learnt from various people, including Rakosi, the Prime Minister, that she had been given the chance of leaving the country, but had refused to do so, preferring to shut herself up as a silent symbol of passive resistance. Rakosi boasted that she had not been in any way molested. The regime, however, like that of Czechoslovakia and Poland, has now become tougher. Anna Kethly was included with others in Rakosi's denunciation of Social Democrats as "this treacherous gang," and, I'm told, arrested during the night.

* * *

Two recent convictions in South Africa illustrate the ludicrous lengths to which *Apartheid* is being carried. A young schoolteacher, of Malay origin, was found guilty of leaning against a station bench reserved for Europeans. According to the defence counsel, "the most the constable can indicate is that there was a spasmodic leaning against the bench." Yet this charge was held over the girl for four months—a fact which led the magistrate to order her release. In the other case, a White miner was hauled before a court for using, late at night, a Native lavatory. He pleaded in vain that he was in a hurry to catch a train and that he had not seen the notice of segregation. Because he "unlawfully made use of a certain place reserved by the Administration," he was convicted and discharged with a caution.

* * *

"I never saw the roses cleaner. Not a fly or spot." That was June. But with July the green fly have arrived and the war is on. Mr. Park's remedy is soft soap, if obtainable. I told him that it had been in short supply ever since

the General Election. "Well then, yellow soap, with a spoonful of paraffin will do", he said. "But" (very severely) "don't go and burn the roses as you did last year by putting in too much paraffin." Actually Mr. Park's usual remedy for all such evils is what I call his rule of thumb.

Patiently and often he goes over the buds and the leaves of each rose with his finger and thumb and kills any greenfly or other insects when they are so tiny as to be nearly invisible. A scientific neighbour, however, tells me the more modern and even more effective remedy is a new insecticide called *Hexathyl Tetraphosphate*, which is known to the trade as H.E.T.P. This kills practically all kinds of greenfly and blackfly and does not stain open flower blooms. Strangely, though both the diluted mixture and the fumes are very poisonous, H.E.T.P. does not kill ladybirds. This must rejoice every childlike heart, but most particularly it should please a well-known chrysanthemum grower I have been hearing about. He has never spent 6d on an insecticide, but he keeps his plants "clean as a whistle" by putting a couple of ladybirds—or their larvæ, which he calls crocodiles—on each plant. Apparently, he keeps up his supply of ladybirds by collecting them, or their larvæ, from nearby woods, and from the thistles growing in ditches. Although earthworms are sold by the thousand in America, I have not yet heard of ladybirds being marketed here.

* * *

A colleague punting on the Thames recently visited the famous Oxfordshire village of Kelmscott. Looking forward to seeing the Manor House, home of William Morris, he found it shut and deserted; the garden, so full of the old-fashioned flowers beloved of the Pre-Raphaelites, now overrun with charlock, nettles and purple mallow. The house, held in trust by Oxford University, will shortly have a new tenant, appropriately enough an artist, I gather, who in return for a modest rent will occupy it and keep the Morris relics ready for visitors at 48 hours notice.

The village itself is still a fit setting for *News From Nowhere*, but neglected, untidy and even morose. There was no sign that Morris' influence had converted the inhabitants from their immemorial sense of local self-interest, nor for that matter did it appear to touch the coach load of Birmingham anglers ranged along the river bank. For the sightseer "Mr. Churchill's Birth-Room" (*sic*) at Blenheim Palace, not far away, is a much stronger attraction—and there one has the chance of seeing a Duke, scheduled no doubt for preservation as a result of the Gowers Committee report. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

When *Three Blind Mice* rang out from the belfry of Great Cornard (Suffolk) Parish Church the bellringer was warned against such levity. Then one Sunday there was a very poor offertory and from the belfry came *Put Another Nickel In*. The bellringer has been sacked.—*Scottish Daily Express*. (John Brooks.)

One of the reasons for the happy appearance of babies today is that it is increasingly becoming the fashion among young parents not only to feel affection for their babies, but to show affection. —*News Chronicle*. (E. J. Mornement.)

Peacocks wanted for banquet.—Advert. in *Sunday Times*. (T. H. Shingles.)

"In England there are no real class distinctions. . . . People who were born in the East End do not always live there. They move to Cricklewood or Brighton." — Speech reported in *Willesden Chronicle*. (J. Patlington.)

TOTAL LIBERTY

"This (Liberties of the Subject) Bill will not increase but decrease the sum total of liberty."—The Lord Chancellor, June 27.

"The Rights of the subject," Lord Samuel declared,
In his new Civil Liberties' Bill,
"Are little by little reduced and impaired,
And may soon be diminished to nil."
"Lord Samuel mistakes," the Lord Chancellor cried,
As he tore the whole measure to shreds,
"The more State restrictions are fully applied,
The more total liberty spreads."

"I cannot conceive," Viscount Samuel maintained,
"When the citizen has no redress,
How liberties lost can be liberty gained,
Or how freedoms when more, can be less."
"The State," said Lord Jowitt, "the subject has freed,
By statutes for freedom's control,
Each sacrificed liberty has guaranteed
The freedom bestowed on the whole."

Lord Jowitt affirmed, amid Labour applause,
That freedom was all of a piece,
And liberties specified clause after clause,
When all added up, must decrease.
Lord Samuel declared the sum made little sense,
And he feared they would find in the end,
When citizens rallied to liberty's cause,
No freedom was left to defend.

The House then divided, the measure was passed,
For their Lordships' division disclosed
That sixty-six Peers for their freedom stood fast,
While seven-and-twenty opposed.
Lord Jowitt, outvoted, banned further debate—
The Commons no time could allow.
Times are grave, and the world's in a serious state,
It's no time to save liberty now.

SAGITTARIUS

Yugoslavia Now

III. A "More Liberal" Communism?

"The trouble with Tito is that he is the only Communist leader in the world with sex appeal." This old crack is not quite as silly as it sounds. The truth is that the Yugoslav leaders are, temperamentally as well as physically, very different from the ordinary run of East European Communist bosses. They lack the standard "poker face" of the Communist Big Shot, his heavy-handed and heavy-footed manner, and his lack of humour. The Russians will tell you that they are not serious-minded people, but a bunch of playboys, unworthy of the name of Communist. But the matter is not as simple as that. On the one hand, most of the present Yugoslav leaders were professional revolutionaries before the war and soldiers during the war; and they never became, at any time, Moscow-trained functionaries, as Berman, Slansky or Rakosi are. They have deep roots in the Yugoslav soil, but this "nationalism" has, in a large measure, been modified by their "internationalist" training. The role that many played in Spain was an important character-forming element.

But there is another point to consider. Many of the Yugoslav leaders are Central-European, rather than East-European, in their upbringing. Tito, Kardelj and others spent their youth in what was then part of the Habsburg Monarchy. The pre-1917 working-class movement of Central Europe had a formative influence on their consciousness. They studied Lenin more deeply than they were ever to study Stalin. Their Western habits of mental freedom—even within its Marxist limits—were bound, sooner or later, to come into sharp conflict with the rigid dogmatism of Moscow. If only as intellectual exercises, written with great verve, the polemical writings against Moscow of men like Djilas, Kardelj, Sicherl or Pijade are brilliant. On an intellectual plane the Yugoslavs prefer to do without party blinkers and inhibitions. Belgrade and Zagreb both have a very lively intellectual life to-day, and magazines like *Knizevne Novine* of Belgrade or *Republika* of Zagreb discuss everything with refreshing freedom. Thus, in an article on theatrical and film criticism, as practised by some of the "party-line" boys, Vjekoslav Afric wrote:

> Art is tender and fragile, and critics ought to know something about the anatomy and physiology of art. To cut off the nose to cure a cold—which is what some of our critics do—does more harm than good. . . . We cannot go on with these unintelligent Soviet methods, either as artists or as critics. Nor can we accept the Soviet line on science. What kind of science is it if its main task to-day is to prove "scientifically" anything that the Party has proclaimed to be "the truth"?

This attack is, of course, in keeping with the general trend of criticising the Soviet Union. But how much does it mean in terms of Yugoslav practice? To what extent does a greater mental freedom exist in Yugoslavia than in Russia? One is here on very controversial ground, and it would be ridiculous to try to suggest, as some of our Yugoslav enthusiasts in Britain are doing, that Yugoslavia is becoming positively democratic and liberal in the "best" Western sense, and that Tito is really a frightfully handsome Mr. Attlee. He is no more Mr. Attlee than Rankovic is Mr. Chuter Ede; nor is the Yugoslav Communist Party a slightly Balkanised and glamourised Labour Party.

There is no "liberalism" in Yugoslavia to-day, but there are a number of things which make it very different from the Soviet Union and the Peoples' Democracies. There is considerable intellectual freedom, rather of a kind that existed in Russia in the 'Twenties and early 'Thirties. When a new Yugoslav film is made, one can hear every kind of opinion publicly expressed, and *Borba* does not, as *Pravda* does, come out with any "final verdict," after which everybody else must conform with *Pravda's* criticism. Discussions are very lively among writers and artists, and no final "party line" is laid down. "Socialist realism" is widely admitted to be specially suited to a Socialist society, but not in the distorted form given it by the Russians. "Lysenkoism" has not been accepted as the "final truth," and Kardelj himself, speaking before the Slovene Academy of Science, sharply criticised all State interference with the freedom of scientific

research. Nor does the State try to inflict on the public what exactly it ought to read, what films and plays it ought to see.

The school and university curricula, too, are much more flexible than in the Soviet Union, and there is undoubtedly what might be called a "Leninist" desire to cultivate an interest in Western culture. In all secondary schools, at least two foreign languages are compulsory, and no priority is given to Russian, which is given equal rights with English, French and German. Most significant, perhaps, is the decision that Latin is to be taught in all secondary schools. To the Russians all this would savour of "Westernism" and "cosmopolitanism." The Yugoslavs, on the contrary, argue that they are teaching young people a healthy respect for the artistic and scientific achievements of all nations, and thus educating them in a spirit of genuine and humanist internationalism.

People talk, criticise and grumble much more freely than they would ever dare do in Prague to-day, or even than they were able to do in Belgrade two years ago. Yugoslavia is a Police State, for all that. There are many people in prison, and men like Hebrang and Zujovic are still "awaiting trial," after more than two years. In exacting food deliveries from the peasants, the authorities are often ruthless when they come across what they consider bad faith or sabotage. But there is no evidence of the prisons being more crowded than before. If anything, they appear to be less crowded, and, paradoxically, the general awareness of the "Russian anger" has created a greater national solidarity than existed before. From the former middle-class there is less hostility to the regime than before, and consequently much less repression.

This is not necessarily a sign of that "Titoite bourgeois nationalism" of which the Russians like to talk. The bourgeoisie, except for some Serb and Croat "kulaks," is done for. And if the "kulaks" are still going strong in some parts of the country, the reasons given are (*a*) that it is inexpedient to force collectivisation at this stage and (*b*) "we don't believe in the method of exterminating a whole class"—as the Russians did with the kulaks. Also, the Yugoslavs like to say to-day that "Yugoslavia has no Siberia," and that nobody in Yugoslavia ever "disappears." The denunciation in the Yugoslav press of the N.K.V.D. may, of course, call for some ironical comment, but it is in keeping with assurances given to Westerners about the progressive "humanisation" of the prison and police system in Yugoslavia. In a country whose whole history is one of political violence and brutality, the "humanisation" of the police is rather a lot to expect; but if political philosophy means anything in practice, then it should be logical that the gradual "humanisation" of the Yugoslav regime should also extend to its police. But here one can only express pious hopes and no more.

Another point about which one may be allowed to remain sceptical is all the talk about "de-bureaucratization" — excessive bureaucratic powers and an excessive centralism being, in the Yugoslav view, among the chief sources of the "crisis of Socialism" in Russia. True, the Yugoslav leaders readily admit that their country also suffers from an excess of bureaucratisation, but, at any rate, a determined effort is at present being made to reduce this bureaucracy and to stimulate more democratic forms of self-government throughout the country. Much of this "greater initiative for the masses," and "bigger and better democracy through the Peoples' Committees" may still be more in the realm of theory than of practice. But there seems little doubt that some hard and solid thinking is being done by the Yugoslavs about the "correctives" to Socialism now practised and prescribed by the Russians. Only, there remain two big questions. Can the Russians afford to tolerate the continued existence of "Titoist" Yugoslavia? And can Yugoslavia make a real success of her Socialism, with only herself and capitalist creditors (if any) to rely on? It takes Yugoslavs to choose so steep and dangerous a mountain path, and still to believe that they will reach the summit.

Belgrade, June. ALEXANDER WERTH

Wheels Within Wheels

WHEN the railway from London to Birmingham was opened, 106 years ago, the first main stop out of London was at Wolverton, which was just far enough from Euston to give the Queen time to work up an appetite for lunch. And so at Wolverton they built a station with a nice dining-room on the platform; and Her Majesty, at the head of her respectful retinue, would get off the train to consume her Spartan meal. Then, when she'd finished, she would get back into her carriage, settle into her seat, and give her royal leave for the smoking monster to start smoking again. Off they would all go, through the greenery of Northamptonshire and Warwickshire, to the blackness of Birmingham.

Nowadays the railway has moved a mile or two away, and express trains, with or without queens on board, no longer stop at Wolverton. But Her Majesty's station is still there, carefully preserved. And it is surrounded, not (as you might expect) by mementoes of the Matron Queen, but by an eighty-five acre factory. To the hard-headed railway directors of the 1850's the Queen was a symbol, but business was business. Wolverton carried the fragrant memory of the royal presence, but it was also a good site for a waggon works. And so, in 1950, the royal monograms, together with the Duke of Sutherland's private coach on a siding of its own, have a sawmill on one side of them, an assembly-shop on the other, and all around them some forty acres of factory roofing, with 3½ million square feet of manufacturing space employing more than four thousand people.

Wolverton is an island of industry totally cut off by the green seas of rural Buckinghamshire. It's never had a boom, and it's never had a slump. It isn't a one-horse town, but it's a one-waggon town. For all practical purposes Wolverton is the Waggon Works, and the Waggon Works is Wolverton. The god whose edicts make the wheels go round, *i.e.*, the Chief Mechanical Engineer, is a long way down the line at Derby; the sister works at Crewe and Horwich are still farther away; and as for the Board of Directors, who have somehow gotten themselves a new name and are now called the Railway Executive—well, they're at the top of a flight of marble steps in London, which, as everybody knows, is nearly as far away and as unapproachable as Valhalla.

An isolated industrial community like this is the ideal place to see how the best-laid schemes of managers and men work out when they get down to the grass roots. In the century that has elapsed since the Wolverton Works was born, we have planted the seeds of mechanisation, flow production, scientific management, trades unionism, joint consultation and finally nationalisation; and at Wolverton you can see which of these plants has taken root. This is particularly true in respect of the nationalisation of the railways; for the effects of nationalisation take longer to penetrate the workshop side, which is static, than the running side, which is continuously fertilised by the movement of personnel from place to place. The ticket-jumpers who hop on at one station and off at another, the guards who sleep as often away from home as in their own beds, the locomotive engineers who breakfast at Paddington and sup at Fishguard—all these are honey-bees carrying the pollen of new ideas and new argument all round the operating side of the system. But the trumpet of new ideas isn't heard inside a carriage-and-waggon works unless it resounds with the loud blast of inspiring leadership.

They told me, when I got to Wolverton, that nationalisation was a farce. Their voices were resentful and their look was accusing, as though they held me personally responsible. So far as they were concerned, the organisation of the Works and their own position in it were worse than under private ownership. The widely generalised complaints were obviously emotional, and obviously wouldn't stand up to logical enquiry. They didn't. Under cross-examination the plaintiffs amended their charge. It wasn't, they admitted, that things were worse since nationalisation: it was that they were no better. "But," added a veteran joiner, and my heart warmed to him, "it didn't matter to us before, and now it does."

That's the real point of the grumbles of the workers in the nationalised industries. They didn't much mind muddles being created and money being wasted when it was the Company's money. They didn't get too burned up about being treated as "hands" without brains, because what else could one expect anyway from private-enterprise directors? They grumbled in the canteen or in the pub on the way home, or in any other place where the boss had little chance of hearing the grumbles and much less of doing anything about them. That was all. But now it's different. "It's *our* money that's going down the drain," said my joiner, "and worse still it's *our* credit as Labour Party members. We're still 'hands.' The management have done well out of nationalisation, because it's given them some

ready-made excuses when they fall down on their job. And the Communists have done well out of it, because it's given them some lovely chances to poke fun at us. We've got nothing out of it."

There were, of course, a large number of unthinking workers at Wolverton, as there were in every coal-mine, who expected that Vesting Day would bring with it a complete change of management and a total revolution in organisation. When that didn't happen, they threw up their hands, abandoned hope, and settled down to a life of no change. They're not the people I'm worried about. The ones that *do* concern me—and ought to concern the Government and the Railway Executive and the trade unions—are the minority of serious and responsible and socially conscious workers who were prepared to help in making the nationalised industry a better-run show than it was before. They were prepared to accept that progress might be slow; but they can't see any progress at all. And they care about it.

When Wolverton was L.M.S., it didn't matter if the Works suffered from that particular form of railway inbreeding which makes it impossible for them to learn from other industries; if there were bad defects of layout and of equipment; if there was far too much manhandling of heavy materials and components; if the requisitioning system was so slipshod that it wasted material and caused disorganisation; if the foundry was laid out like a temple of primitive fire-worshippers; if foremen and men played in opposing teams instead of the same team; if personnel relations were treated as an irrelevant execrescence and not as part of management; if shop delegates never knew what was being planned in the shops; if practical suggestions from workers were resented by the management; and if so-called joint consultation was administered in the way a paternalistic department-store Santa Claus benevolently hands out a plaything to a good little boy.

Now all that matters, and it has turned the place into a boiling-over complex of spoken and unspoken conflicts. The Works Superintendent resents being tied down by instructions from Derby. A foreman complained bitterly that "they're tearing the power from our hands"; but a body-maker retorted that "the foremen here are treated like tin gods." The shop delegates who are on the works committee are annoyed that they aren't called in to the weekly management meeting, and the shop delegates who aren't on the works committee complain that they're never told anything by those who are. The delegates as a whole complain that their men don't support them, and the men complain that the delegates don't report back. The craftsmen (who belong to the Vehicle Builders and other unions) complain that they are frozen out of adequate representation by the weightier numbers of the unskilled men in the N.U.R. The clerical, stores, accounting and technical staff complain that they're hived off altogether into a different consultative machine from the men in the works. Everybody complains, as always, that negotiating machinery, once it gets beyond the works level, is miserably slow.

The whole thing stagnates. Not only hasn't it changed a bit since Vesting Day; in fact it hasn't changed a bit, technically or psychologically, for twenty years. It's not the fault of Parliament. We did our bit in the House when we drafted Clause 95 of the Transport Act, which makes "efficiency in the operation of the Commission's services" a matter of "mutual interest" to management and men. What we now need are some managements and some men who really believe that, and will do something about it. We need the superimposition of some administrators (man-managers) on the pure engineers (machine-managers) who are at present in sole control. We need some recognition by the Executive that the conflicts I've listed are their responsibility. We need a new leadership by the trade unions which will make it easier for members of the different unions to work together and which will not be afraid to give a bit more autonomy to the rank-and-file member at the level of his branch and his factory. And we need men on the shop floor who understand how great are the powers which Clause 95 has put in their hands, and who aren't afraid to use them.

If this is too much to ask, it was wrong to nationalise the railways. But I don't believe it was.

IAN MIKARDO

Singapore Today

IN the whole British colonial empire there can be few areas more promising for a bold experiment in raising the living standards of an Asian population than the Crown Colony of Singapore. It is not disrupted in its daily life by the guerrilla war in the Malayan Federation; it has a highly developed technical and material framework; and, through its industries and entrepôt trade, it is a wealthy port. In 1949 the export trade of the city was in the region of 2,400 million dollars or £300 per head of the population. But do the conditions of life of the 760,000 Chinese, 120,000 Malays, and 70,000 Indians in Singapore to-day carry into practice the proclaimed Western policy of raising Asian living standards as rapidly as possible? To an observer moving round the city there is much that seems encouraging: the frequency with which one passes a school playground of laughing, well-turned-out children, Malay, Chinese and Indian; the neat Chinese women in their patterned cotton slacks and the young men in white shorts and shirts; the big blocks of modern flats at Thiong Bahru. Here, superficially, are indications of real progress in Singapore. Yet on closer investigation one is doubtful whether social improvement is really moving fast enough to meet the challenge of Communist propaganda. By the two criteria of health and literacy, a great deal of ingenuity, organisation and money have still to be expended before minimum standards will have been reached.

The most pressing of Singapore's problems is that of overcrowding. Most of the 40,000 houses in this teeming city date from the nineteenth century, when they were built as barracks for housing the "remittance men" who came in their tens of thousands from China and India. To-day, each house contains up to a dozen families; and lodgers usually are to be found sleeping in the shop downstairs. With 250,000 people housed under these conditions it is only surprising that the tuberculosis rate, which is 2½ times that of the United Kingdom, is not higher still. The Singapore Improvement Trust has built an average of 700 new dwellings a year over the past three years. But it is clear that, with an overall shortage of 50,000 dwellings and an annual population increase of 35,000, this pace is quite inadequate. A shortage of building workers, many of whom are employed in private semi-luxury building, is the chief brake on speedier progress. The housing shortage in Singapore demands some form of control of private building through licensing. Present building-costs make it impossible to to build workers' dwellings at a lower rent than 20 dollars a month, which is far too high for the unskilled workers whose monthly wage is under 50 dollars. A generous Government subsidy to rents is essential if the low-paid workers and their families are to get the benefit of any re-housing.

The progress of education in Singapore presents a more cheerful picture, but there is still a long road to be travelled. Already 100,000 out of the 160,000 children of primary age are in schools (about 55 per cent. in Chinese, 35 per cent. in Government, and the remainder in Malay and Indian schools) and present plans envisage the building of 90 more schools over the next five years, and the provision of free, compulsory, primary education for all Singapore children by 1957. The new primary schools will gradually absorb the Chinese, Malay and Indian schools, basing themselves on English, with Chinese, Malay or Indian as the second language taught. Secondary education, however, is still only available on a very limited scale, though nine more secondary schools are projected under the present plans. As for technical education, this has been far too long the Cinderella of educational progress. A campaign to popularise technical vocations and an expansion of technical schools are an urgent necessity for the production of the Asian technical élite which must, under conditions of self-government, take charge of the public services of Singapore.

Perhaps the most disquieting aspect of the situation in Singapore has been the steady decline of real wages during the past two years. Trade disturbances throughout the South-East Asia area have caused unemployment (there is as yet no system of unemployment insurance) and there have been wage reductions in many industries, with the professed aim of countering foreign competition. There is no doubt also that the Emergency Regulations are having a weakening effect on the trade unions, which are in any case still "learning to walk" as negotiating bodies. Conditions have been created in which cautious trade union leaders are afraid to advance legitimate demands for fear that the new wide police powers may be invoked against them. It is scandalous that the Government should be still adhering to a wage rate, for its unskilled workers, of 1.94 dollars (4s. 5½d.) a day, which is certainly less than a living wage. A small additional housing allowance does not make these wages adequate, and they set the rate for private employers.

Recent researches into the budgets of Indian

labourers in Singapore revealed the following monthly expenditure by a single man on an absolute minimum diet:—

	Dollars.	Cents.
Rice	6	50
Breakfast (coffee and two flour cakes)	6	
Morning coffee	3	
Spices for cooking	5	
Coconut oil for cooking	1	80
Fish and vegetables	11	30
Meat (one day a month)	2	
	35	60

Thus the Indian labourer expends 35 dollars a month, out of an average wage of 45 dollars, in feeding only himself on an austerity diet. The possibility or maintaining a family, or of leading any sort of life beyond that of bare subsistence, is clearly ruled out.

The Emergency in Singapore has hampered social progress by diverting expenditure into police channels, but this can furnish no justification for the abandonment of the principle that no worker should be paid less than a living wage. It is to be hoped also that the Emergency will not be allowed to stand in the way of increased expenditure on re-housing at much lower rents, and that the present programme of educational expansion will be added to, rather than subtracted from, during the next five years. The urge to social betterment in Asia has become an irresistible force. Only by spreading that betterment right through society can the Communist underground in Singapore, as in the rest of South-East Asia, be deprived of its long-term weapon—inequitable social conditions.

DERRICK SINGTON

Poet as Pariah

THERE is a perfectly serious prospect of a decline in the experimental writing of young poets for the simple reason that they can no longer write as they wish to write and eat at the same time. Nor is this because of any fault of manual dexterity on their part. It is already impossible for them to drink and write as they wish: the beer is no longer singing beer. Now this brings about a state of affairs in which the classical tenets of English Poetry are threatened. The poet needs three things in order to go on being a poet: Milton described these as simplicity, sensuousness and passion. I put it as a dictionary, alcohol and love. It is still possible to buy a tolerable dictionary for a few shillings; and, once you have bought it, you are hardly tempted to pawn it. But the price of alcohol and love, in a world full of Americans and hate, has risen in precise proportion with the cost of living. And the cost of living is no longer reducible to a matter of what I will term, for the sake of the phrase, mere economics. The expense of spirit in a waste of shame has also to be calculated. Not all poets are Robert Graves, who can write a profitable novel with one hand and an exquisite lyric with the other.

I have heard that some poets now get jobs, on the British Council, the British Broadcasting Corporation, and the British Railways. But I cannot forget the way in which Rainer Maria Rilke felt about this matter: he said that for him a job was like death without the dignity of death. Nor has enough been made of the simple argument that writing serious English poetry is a full-time occupation. A certain amount of reading has to be done, a certain amount of writing has to be done, a certain amount of living has to be done. Even a certain amount of loving has to be done, if you can come upon anything worth it. Being a poet is about as full time a job as being a Virgin with a Lamp. The poet will no more be forgiven if he is found, when the angel calls, collating material for the British Council instead of cultivating his hysteria and his garden, than any other purveyor of an empty lamp. This is not to say, categorically, that a man cannot write poetry and hold a job at the same time; for this enviable ambidexterity has in fact been performed by one or two poets. I believe that Mr. T. S. Eliot once worked in a bank, and Gerard Manley Hopkins for the Society of Jesus. But between these two men and their everyday work a curious affinity must have existed. The proprieties of a bank are remarkably like the proprieties of Eliot's critical writings: apparently well behaved and respectable, each conceals a ruthlessness and a hardheadedness that I cannot think the author of *After Strange Gods* would have found uncongenial. I write as a Roman Catholic when I say that, for me, Gerard Manley Hopkins' poetry and ideology owe as much to the Church as they do to the Muse. So that I cannot believe he was much more miscast in the Society of Jesus than a man with toothache is in a dentist's chair.

And so it is that some poets come to find a category in the system of society where they need feel little dissatisfaction. For, in spite of everything adduced to disprove the remark, poets are also human beings. I believe it would have been perfectly possible to take Baudelaire's pulse; but it would be much more hazardous to think of a job in which he could have been moderately contented. I can see him as a spiritual spiv, a sort of Raffles of Hell, but never as an executive of a French Council or a secretary to an institute for contemporary art. For the prototypical poet is probably a spy and his name Christopher Marlowe. But the difference between the poet as a professional spy and anyone else as a professional spy is simply this: Marlowe, like a good poet, spied for both sides. The life, ignominy and death of Francis Thompson; the life, ignominy and death of Christopher Smart; the life, ignominy and death of Edgar Allan Poe—and of so many others—come much nearer to the common destiny of the poet than the elevation of Tennyson to the peerage or the promotion of X, Y, or Z to the Poetry Panel of the Arts Council of Great Britain.

This is not a matter, though, for the law of averages or the arithmetic of the insurance broker: it is a question of the relationship between the poet and society. I believe this is a state of irreconcilable enmity. And in this irreconcilable enmity the poet has more often been worsted, to all appearances, than society has been. The poet is an enemy of society: I take this to be axiomatic. Why, therefore, should the poet expect anything from society but discouragement? It is the old Platonic chestnut, and the answer to it is infinitely simpler than the apparent paradox implies. Just as society encourages the scientist to set about the business of destroying everything, in the disguise of intellectual curiosity, so society should, properly speaking, be prepared to encourage the poet in his business of showing society why it is not fit to survive, or, alternatively, why it is. But society does not really want to hear the truth about itself; and demonstrably prefers the flattery of the film director to the few home truths of the poet. It is absolutely hopeless to talk about whether poetry is wanted by society, just as it is equally hopeless to talk about whether sex is wanted by society. Poetry is one of a number of things that happens to people no matter whether they like it or not: it resembles boils in adolescence or flirtation between the sexes. It is here, like the far side of the moon, to stay, even though, in disappointment and indignation, it has turned its face away.

The enmity between the poet and society will never subside, in spite of some poets being conciliated or converted by gifts such as titles, appointments, rich wives, popularity, or medals from the King. It will never subside, because the day that the poet capitulates to society he ceases to be a poet. This fact Plato knew perfectly well, and so did Arthur Rimbaud and so did William Wordsworth. But no matter how desperate the effort made by any single poet to conform, he will remain, in so far as he remains a poet, a pariah, a scapegoat, an unacknowledged criminal at large. It is not an accident that so many poets have come to violent or horrifying ends: the reason is that, overcome, perhaps unconsciously, by their sense of guilt at being the opponents of the established order, such poets resort to all kinds of narcotics to ameliorate their guiltiness. And these narcotics, whether liquor, sex, drugs, or anything else, eventually destroy the poet because he wants them to. I believe that Ezra Pound is the greatest poet alive now, and where *is* he? He is locked up in a lunatic asylum for having held much the same kind of political convictions as a thousand other Americans. And he was not locked up for being a great and famous poet who had gone wrong—he may be a great poet but I very much doubt if one American in a hundred has ever heard of him—he was locked up for being a poet who said what he thought. If the entire German nation can be subjected to a process called denazification, I can see no reason why Ezra Pound should not be given a warm bath, deprived of his green and black shirts, and liberated. He is not treated in this fashion, *because* he is a poet. America could no more bring herself to release Pound from his asylum than a queen bee could allow the drone that had fertilised her to survive.

Society ascribes heavy responsibilities to its poets—that is what Shelley was referring to in the bit about the "unacknowledged legislators of mankind"—and for this reason fears them. They may, at any moment, spill the gaff. So society can deal with them in only two ways. They can be bribed or they can be nobbled. Wordsworth was bribed, Pound has been

nobbled. Yeats could no more have been either bribed or nobbled than the big stone of Blarney Castle. The only gift he had was the gift of the gab. No, someone should inform established society that it can impose no punishment upon its poets more thorough and more condign than to leave them to the anguish of being themselves. For where the human being stews in his own juice, the poet boils in his own poison. GEORGE BARKER

So They Say . . .

LAST week's headlines were almost like old times. It all started on Monday: KOREA—WAR DECLARED, proclaimed the *Daily Express*, a trifle prematurely—while its "ace" foreign correspondent, Sefton Delmer, in Washington, predicted, on the basis of his knowledge, that the chance of America giving active military aid to S. Korea was "small." Unlike most other papers, however, the *Express* had no editorial. Nor did the *Daily Herald*, which was being scathing about Mr. Butler's broadcast. The *Mirror* alone printed a report that captured Northern tanks had "Russian crew men." And *The Times* omitted the Northern communique about being invaded from the South. The *Daily Worker's* lead story concerned Mr. Lie's pledge to the peoples of the world to bring about peace.

On Tuesday, with the invasion well under way, the *Daily Express* correspondent again predicted that "America will do just about as much about Seoul in 1950 as we did about Prague in 1938." The *Herald* and *Graphic* quoted Mr. Edward Barrett, chief of U.S. propaganda overseas, as saying that "Russian troops using Russian equipment" were taking part. But the *Herald*, alone amongst the national papers, still had not got round to Korea in its editorial.

By Wednesday, with the news that the American Navy and Air Force had gone into action, the *Express* correspondent had caught up with events: WHY TRUMAN SAID YES. The *Herald* had probably the most disturbing headline: U.S. OPENS FIRE: NOTE TO STALIN. The *News Chronicle* ran a double column "fighting" editorial headed TIME TO STOP IT, while the *Manchester Guardian* headed its editorial "ACTION," insisting that "there must now be actual shooting between American forces and Communists," The British Communist Party issued a "hands off" call, which I could find only in the *Manchester Guardian* and, briefly, in the *Daily Express*. And the *Evening Standard*, which on Monday had declared that "on no account must Korea be allowed to . . . involve the British Empire," came round to the view that "the British Empire will not be tardy in giving . . . all the support in its power."

On Thursday came the announcement that British forces had been placed at MacArthur's disposal, and the first eyewitness story of the fall of Seoul—a scoop (by purchase) for the *News Chronicle*. NO, IT WON'T SPREAD, wrote Frank Owen reassuringly in the *Express*, before dashing off to Malaya, and the *Daily Mail* had an imaginative piece entitled SEOUL IS FREED, and a story reporting increased sales to people wanting "the other side of the story."

Friday brought the uncompromising Soviet reply to the American request to help secure a cease fire, but it had to compete with MacArthur's visit to the front (*Daily Express*: CHIEF SMOKES CORNCOB ON BATTLEFIELD) and tragic events elsewhere, e.g., *Daily Mail*: CALYPSO MEN STORM LORDS; *Daily Express*: NOW U.S. BEATS US AT SOCCER; *News Chronicle*: BRITAIN'S TENNIS HOPE LOSES. The *Daily Express* "ace" correspondent was reassuring from Washington, stating that "NO unusual or extensive troop movements have been taking place in the Soviet Union either before the Korean blitz or since." Both the *Chronicle* and the *Mail*, however, reported that Washington was "concerned" at Soviet troop movements near Turkey, Persia and Yugoslavia.

On Saturday the *Manchester Guardian*, which the previous day had instanced increased B.B.C. listening figures as proof that the country was not "stupidly indifferent," decided that there was "scope for much study" in the fact that "there is still no sign [of] publics fears . . . no clustering round the radio in the public house for the nine o'clock news . . ." The *Daily Worker* made capital out of a story that only the *Telegraph* had printed a State Department admission that, strictly speaking, Security Council action was invalid without Russia.

By Sunday the military commentators had been disinterred, and *The People* became the second paper to suggest that the North might have a case. The *Sunday Pictorial* ran a campaign against rumours—the most absurd of which still made the front page of the *Sunday Graphic*: RED LEAFLET AIR RAID ON BIRMINGHAM. The *Sunday Dispatch's* front page was dominated by "astonishing photographs" of a flying saucer, and the good news that CAROLINE IN ENGLAND BEGINS TODAY.

Tailpiece

The day the British became involved the *Daily Telegraph* Information Bureau received 1,300 calls. Subject of enquiry were: (1) Lord's, (2) Wimbledon, (3) Miscellaneous. Less than six people asked about Korea. AUTOLYCUS

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO REVIVALS

THE free adaptations of Molière into a modern and most practical prose by Mr. Miles Malleson are obviously going to become part of our theatrical life. Their overriding merit is immediately apparent: they play swiftly and comically. Instead of the translationese those without adequate French have had to make do with in the past—awkwardly unreal and poetical in a faded literary style—he gives us a brisk contemporary idiom, which only occasionally jars by being too slangy. Himself, like his original, a comic actor of brilliance, he knows exactly how to turn the comedy lines to the greatest effect. He cuts judiciously, and keeps the line of the intrigue going at a good rattling pace. How close the result is to the true spirit of Molière I don't feel myself competent to pronounce; but I have heard some of those who should be knowledgeable describing his *Tartuffe*, which the Bristol Old Vic are now playing at the Lyric, Hammersmith, as *vrai Molière*. Certainly it is the best translation I have seen played; it reveals the masterly craftsmanship of the play, even if it does fail, as surely it must without the language equivalent, to catch its greatness.

One difficulty becomes obvious at once, the discrepancy between the free-and-easy speech and the bow-and-curtsey manners. It is impossible to reconcile the two and one is constantly being posed the question, Why are people talking like this dressed like that, or Why are people dressed like that talking like this. The contrast is too glaring for one ever to accept it. On the other hand a true sense of period is at any time perhaps the hardest thing of all to bring off—we commonly only get different degrees of conventional sketches of it—and since in this case the difficulty is quadrupled by the language, we can count the gains of speed and liveliness.

The Bristol Old Vic give a very good account of the play. Taken all round I should say that this company has the highest standard of any of the repertory companies that have been brought to London. It is no use pretending that they harbour great talent which has not been recognised. They don't. As a whole the actors move, by any reasonably high standard, badly and ungracefully (a ballet mistress should be attached to any permanent company) and vocally they are, though clear and audible, monotonous, uninteresting, markedly lacking in variety (an elocutionist should be attached, etc.). But all round they are a competent company, reasonably well directed, and they play well together. Mr. Wensley Pithey is very nearly an excellent Monsieur Orgon. If behind him there were a tradition of playing the part to help him, I think he certainly would be one; even as it is, he does succeed in making completely convincing the credulity of his old gull. Miss Jessie Evans is most effective as the maid, and this is particularly creditable in her because this particular kind of confidential servant is not exactly English. The translator and producer never quite succeed in establishing the atmosphere of a prosperous family cushioned in their possessions. Mr John Moffat as the bailiff almost stole the show, for his peculiarly sinister and fantastic little piece of characterisation showed up the homespun quality of the rest. Mr. George Colouris as *Tartuffe* was a disappointment. He had the appearance but grossly underplayed throughout. He allowed the enormously prepared entrance to be stolen by his servant (the producer should have looked to this) and played most of the ten minutes with his back to us. Wasted chances! One felt the performance was all there but never produced for us; that at least left us free to see how he, or some great actor perhaps, would play it.

The Under Thirty Theatre Group is a group formed to provide encouragement for young members of the theatrical profession. It is presenting special performances in West End theatres and has formed a repertory company for the summer. Last Sunday evening (and next) at the Rudolf Steiner Hall, Baker Street, they presented *Pericles* in a straightforward version which I can thoroughly recommend to anyone interested in curiosities. It is just the kind of thing Sunday societies should do. Only the last three acts are conceded by scholars to be by Shakespeare. And, if it is puzzling to us that he should have undertaken the job of botching up the play at all—at least without bothering to do something to the first two acts as well—the puzzle is made all the greater by the fact of *Pericles* having had, in its day, a very substantial success. It was often played and is said to have been the first play of Shakespeare's re-introduced after the Restoration. There is something to be learned here, if we had the equipment, about popular taste at that time.

Certainly *Pericles* starts off by being written in the most popular of story forms. It is a quest story, told in a series of short episodes in each of which the hero embarks upon and completes an adventure. He reads a King's riddle and is consequently in danger of his life: escapes: but, fearing pursuit, goes off on his travels: brings corn to a starving city: is wrecked on a foreign shore: fights for and wins a King's daughter: marries and is shipwrecked again: loses his wife but saves his daughter. And this is where Shakespeare takes over and tries out on us, so it seems to us now, various ideas which he is to bring to perfection later in *A Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. Shakespeare or no Shakespeare, it is quite simply the Elizabethan equivalent of the comic strip. The same episode by episode treatment, the same ideal simplicity of presentation. The Prince is handsome and good: the wicked are terribly wicked: the girl is beautiful and virginal: thrill and disaster follow thrill and disaster: but at long last wrong is defeated, right triumphs and they all, you may be sure, live happily ever after. To make things even easier a chorus figure links up each episode

and explains carefully and exactly what has happened in between. No wonder it was a popular show. For us, whose comic strips take a different shape, it seems only charmingly naive and is hardly rescued by the poetry, exquisite at times, in which Shakespeare has clothed his episodes.

Mr. John Harrison has managed a workmanlike production and he and his staff may be congratulated on such a smooth performance, without hitch or accident. The whole thing wants, I suggest, taking a great deal broader. Black as ink, white as snow, scarlet as sin. No subdued feelings or subtleties are called for from a comic strip; and for this reason I found Mr. Scofield, though a decorative Prince, wide of the mark in his present throw-away phase. Histrionics are what are called for here, as loud and broad as Mr. Reginald Jarman was supplying. Miss Daphne Slater's Marina, straight, simple, touching, was excellent. Miss Mary Morris delivered the explanatory chorus beautifully, and Mr. Peter Bull and Miss Beatrix Lehmann brought the brothel scenes beautifully to life. Others noted in a large cast: David Phethean, Frank Taylor, Peter O'Shaughnessy, Donald Sinden, Marjorie Manning.

T. C. WORSLEY

MODERN ITALIAN ART AT THE TATE

By Modern Italian Art is intended Futurism (Boccioni, Carrà, Balla, Severini, Soffici, Sironi, Fusi and Rosai), Pittura Metafisica (de Chirico, Carrà and Morandi) and Modigliani, with the addition of a few later artists—de Pisis, Tosi and Campigli. Not, therefore, the younger Italian painters, whom the organisers of the exhibition hope to represent in a later show.

The room of Futurist paintings and sculpture must be examined within the special, local context of the Futurist ideology—that gesture of defiance to the past, in a country where to look back may bring despair into ambition. "The Past (*and most particularly the Italian Past*) is balm for prisoners, invalids and men on their death beds who see the Future closed to them." Marinetti wrote these words in his first Futurist Manifesto which was published in the same month —February, 1909—as he met Boccioni, Carrà and Russolo. "We extol aggressive movement, feverish insomnia, the double-quick step, the somersault, the box on the ear. . . . Poetry must be a violent onslaught. . . . We shall sing of great crowds in the excitement of Labour, Pleasure or Rebellion . . . of adventurous liners scenting the horizon, of broadchested locomotives galloping on rails." These suggest the themes of Futurism —a masculine, dynamic, "modern" faith. The technical manifesto of Futurist painting appeared in February 1910, with the signatures of Balla and Severini added.

It was at this time, in Paris, that the Cubist painters were attempting a new analysis of objects in their essential form, stripped of accidental qualities of light, colour and texture. The Futurists did not accept the limited range of the Cubist subject matter, but intended to bring in to painting not only the modern world of machines, but the whole human situation. They wished to express their subjects' total presence, to break through the bounds of Cubist analysis and convey the enveloping atmosphere, the ambiance, the tensions and forces which operate beneath the surface of objects, their extension not only in space but in movement. In fact, as Boccioni said, they would make systematic and definitive what Impressionism had already given in a fragmentary, accidental and consequently analytical fashion. The analytical method of Cubism was to be animated by the vivacity of Impressionism. While, in Cubism, the spectator remained detached from the world of the picture as the forms operated on the surface of the canvas, in their pictures the spectator must be involved in the dynamic life of the subject, must be placed, as they said, in the centre of the picture, which reaches out explosively towards the edge of the canvas as it attempts to contain all the strands of natural and human life. Not even sounds and smell are to be beyond the painter's powers of definition. Futurism is in fact something like Huxley's Brave New World of absolute sensation. Boccioni, who was killed in 1914, is revealed as the dominating artistic personality of the group, and he must be counted the most ambitious of modern painters. Few others have tried to bring so many formal devices to the solution of his problems. He extends the Cubist language to convey movement and dynamism by what he called lines of force, which plunge the eye through the composition, by the use of interpenetrating planes, which cut through the surface of the canvas, unlike the flat "tiling" of contemporary Cubism. Having begun, before the 1909 meeting, by practising the Divisionist technique, which is intended to give colour its maximum brilliance and vivacity, he continued not only to break colour in that way, but also use the emotional associations of colours, as well as the expressiveness of shapes and of lines in their direction and movement. The painting *Dynamism of a Footballer* demonstrates the application of this complex language to a commonplace experience, while the sketches for his three *States of Mind*, *Farewells*, *Those who go Away* and *Those who Remain* suggest the character of the three pictures in which he attempted to symbolise the unseen.

If Boccioni is the most intellectual and the most powerful of the group, Balla is the most logical. In a picture such as his *Speed of a Car plus Light and Sounds* he carries the examination of the physical movement of objects to its most severe analysis. He is the Gris of the movement. Severini, the only one who has had any considerable following in England, could never accept the whole programme, by reason of his essential feeling for traditionalism. His pictures come closer to Cubism than any of his colleagues. The forms are much more firmly anchored to the picture plane, his colour is more decorative and it is not possible for the spectator to get sucked into a maelstrom.

Cubism, originally a method of analysis, was transformed into a method of synthesis, but Futurism, which arrived at an even more complex analysis, could never achieve a point of rest and of subsequent rebuilding except, crudely, in the more abstract work of Russolo and Balla. Futurism died, while Cubism has persisted and evolved into the dominant language of modern art. Perhaps Boccioni might have achieved it, if he had lived, in the manner of the most enduring work in the exhibition, his bronze *Single Form of Continuity in Space*. This is essentially a pictorial conception, a design of planes and contours rather than of volumes, but the movements and tensions of the walking figure are finally resolved and the work has that complete, self-sufficient presence which is absent from most of the paintings. They demand an emotional co-operation which it is now hard to give.

Futurism was an art born of manifestos, of an attempt to change the spirit of society. Futurist painting tried to involve the spectator in what was held to be a desirable state of mind by assaulting and playing upon his sense of sight. Unlike Kandinsky, who hoped to transmit through his painting that spirituality which form and colour could convey, the Futurists tried to preach and persuade through their language. The novelty and urgency of their intention has died. Now we would suspect their ideology and even the emotions behind it, their pursuit of the immediate and the dynamic. All but the greatest art may become a still machine which is only set in motion again by the particular spirit of a particular age. The machines of Fuseli, of Mannerism, for example, have been set in temporary motion for to-day. It is possible that the complex machine of Futurism may be put to work again by some future generation who will find in their dynamism something real and necessary.

BASIL TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

One of the Third Programme's most important functions is to act as the equivalent of a Sunday-evening play-producing society, to show us, as the Stage Society used to, plays, foreign plays especially, that we are unlikely to see in the commercial theatre. That a radio version of a stage-play is at best a stop-gap should not blind us to the admirable way in which the Third is at present fulfilling this function. Take, for instance, the recent production of Gabriel Marcel's *Ariadne*. The work of M. Marcel, the Christian existentialist, is practically unknown in this country, and *Ariadne* would have been worth putting on if only because it provided Miss Beatrix Lehmann with a part adequate to the talents of so fine an actress. In fact, the play had other justification for its performance. I am not convinced that it is a good play, but it is a strikingly interesting one. I felt the story would have been better told as a novel; there was a whole background to the characters that could only be sketchily indicated in the play, with the result that they sometimes seemed arbitrarily composed and therefore puppets in the dramatist's hands. The central character, Ariadne Leprieur, seemed scarcely subtle enough for M. Marcel's intentions: the victim of inordinate spiritual pride, she was often made to sound merely a super-Buchmanite and to that extent satirised herself, whereas she should be—and perhaps in the original is—a character strictly comparable with, indeed closely related spiritually to, M. Mauriac's Brigitte Pian. The title, whether English or French—*Le Chemin de Crête*—I thought unfortunate: M. Marcel is not attempting, it seems to me, a modern version of the Greek myth; his labyrinth is the maze of the human heart. The play was well-produced by Mr. King Bull and well played by a cast which included, besides Miss Lehmann, Miss Jill Balcon and Mr. Alan Wheatley.

After too long, the West Region public brains trust *Any Questions?* has been promoted to a space in the Home Service evening programmes. A pity, therefore, that the first two broadcasts at 9.15 have not been anything like up to the standard of the earlier programmes. In the past, I have been impressed by the seriousness with which the speakers have handled serious subjects; I recall, for instance, a first-rate discussion some weeks ago on corporal punishment; none of the speakers panicked or had allowed themselves to be swayed by the fe-fi-fo-fum sensationalism current at the time. In the last few weeks there has been a real falling off. The speakers appear no longer to form a team but to have degenerated into a number of solo acts, always a temptation in a broadcast before a public audience which applauds and boos in a cheerfully abashed manner. Part of the trouble, I am sure, comes from the absence of that remarkably good broadcaster Mr. John Arlott, who was always lively, full of good sense, and serious where seriousness was called for. Last week's broadcast had its amusing moments: more than once, Mr. Osbert Lancaster was very funny. But, Mr. Postgate's contribution apart, the discussion on Korea and our recognition of the Chinese Communist Government was shocking both in its levity and its quite appalling ignorance. At least one of the speakers would have done better if he'd kept his mouth shut.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Scoundrel" and "Turksib," at the Everyman

"Liebelei" and "The Reckless Moment," at the London Film Club

Dog days. More revivals. Hecht and MacArthur's *The Scoundrel* plunges us back in the mid-Thirties: a period piece almost as enticing for its faults as its virtues. Resuscitations in the theatre of Coward or Lonsdale would try to give us a streamlined play, but *The Scoundrel* brings its times with it. Here is the cocktail front of

yesteryear, as glitteringly enforced by Neol Coward, Alexander Woollcott, Edna Ferber, and Helen Hayes, in person. How cynical they all were, how uncomfortably clever, how hard on women! How their epigrams come splaying out of a shotgun—one's bound to hit! And Mr. Coward himself, youngish forty, the playboy and dandy, the lost lover, the publisher of them all, how he relishes that near-wit which shall seem wit for a flat intonation or a lift of the shoulders! Those film-goers who have known only the middle-aged, blandly suffering psychotherapist, should discover this younger Mr. Coward, the elastic faun, who up to a point can really give one the creeps. Some of his moments with women are brilliantly disquieting. And then Time, which in the cinema will give every fashionable a Miss Haversham look, has done the rest. He sits at a desk, with troubles looming; the hat is pulled down over one eye, a cigarette stuck grimly at a slant. The scoundrel! Or does this remind us that we should ask for ———'s cigarettes? And after one of his most breath-taking clipped deliveries—"I'll fly — to Bermuda, of course"—he is seen swiftly stepping across the tarmac to something that might be a lobster entangled with a box-kite.

Yet despite these let-downs—or perhaps because of them—we get an unmistakable whiff from a gossip-column world that found its wit in Wilde and its wisdom in Maugham, and tried hard to split the difference between an epigram and a wisecrack. *The Scoundrel* is, of its time and place, witty. If only Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur and Coward had stuck to dandyism! But our playboy comes back, dead, to haunt them all till someone shall liberate him with a tear. A Portrait of *Chromium* Gray.

From this rather fixed page out of the past it is a relief to be able to point to a film, earlier in date (1932), which has not suffered at all from the years. This is Max Ophuls's *Liebelei*, a reanimation of pre-1914 Vienna, its love-affairs, snows, cafés, opera, and military etiquette; a minor masterpiece if ever there was one. Don't by any means, if this film should come your way, neglect the chance of seeing it: the Everyman cinema has shown it, and recently it turned up at Brighton. I shall write at more length about Ophuls in a few weeks when his *Letter from an Unknown Woman* begins its West End run. The London Film Club, by the way, which gave us the pleasure of seeing *Liebelei* and Ophuls himself, is presenting an Italian Film Festival on five successive Friday evenings, in conjunction with the Italian Institute. The second programme (July 7th) includes De Sica's *I Bambini di Guardano*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Dish Ran Away . . ." at the Whitehall

Queen Victoria would undoubtedly not have been amused; and even a less exacting contemporary moralist might perhaps complain that careless young ladies ought not to be presented as falling materially on to a sofa quite so soft as that which eventually accommodated Desiree after her lapse from grace. But then, this is not a social tract but a gay, civilised and inconsequential trifle—given a highly polished production by Leslie French—which enables Betty Paul to scamper charmingly over life's keyboard—with here and there a little rattle of authentically French claws. Frank Leighton plays neatly the husband who could never help conceding to courtesy what morality forebade; and Emma Treckman and Winifred Evans contrive to give sufficient plausibility to a *complaisance* not normally found in the middle-class London where bread-winners are usually too occupied with the tax-collector to maintain lightly two establishments. A. V.

Intimate Opera, at the Mercury Theatre

For *King*-wearied listeners the performances of the Intimate Opera Company make a pleasant summer's evening entertainment. There in mid-eighteenth century *opera buffa* we find the origins of *Così* and *Cenerentola's* mannered charm—in *La Serva Padrona* with which Pergolesi fired the *querelle des Bouffons*, in *Bastien und Bastienne*, its descendant of sixteen years later, written when Mozart was twelve. With these and our own Dr. Arne's *Thomas and Sally* the company presented a period of opera too rarely heard, the artificial *comédie à ariettes* which is the musical counterpart of Boucher. (The décors should have reflected this.) Offenbach's *Lischen und Fritzchen*, new to London and delightful, was in the best tradition of the old style. The earlier piece, Purcell's masque for Shadwell's *Timon*, was splendid music, well sung: but a Purcell pastiche cooked up to a *Don Quixote* libretto failed dismally, since its creators did not realise, what the rest of the programme made most clear, that arias in one-act operas are not scrappets but must be written on the same scale as those of full works. "Unpretentious" and "charming" are the words one would use to describe the season, which really means that some of the singing was out of tune, that the voices were pleasant but not very good. Generally there was too great a tendency to hurry the vocal line and not let its curves expand. The two leading ladies (Miss Winifred Radford and Miss Katurah Sorrell) sang prettily, and only the chief *basso buffo* was right out of style (and consistently flat). The accompaniment, reduced to string trio and piano, would have gained greatly from an added viola in the post-Purcell scores. A. P.

Correspondence

THE U.N. AND KOREA

SIR,—In common with others of your readers, I felt grateful for your leaders on the Korean crisis, for of frankness on this subject there has been little in the Press. I will not try to reinforce what you said so well—that the only right course is to do the utmost by negotiation at the highest level to end the Cold War before it reaches fever heat. If we are content to trust to military means, we shall stagger through bankruptcy into universal war. But to your all-important positive moral may I add a negative warning with which I think you will agree. We ought not to allow ourselves to be caught in a legalistic trap by the procedure of the United Nations.

I share the general view that North Korea was guilty of a reckless act of premeditated aggression, when she invaded her Southern neighbour. If (as is probable) the Kremlin prompted its puppet to this offensive, its conduct was inexcusable. One may say this in all sincerity, and yet regret that the British Government obeyed the invitation of the United Nations to follow America's lead in defending South Korea. America did not wait for any direction from Lake Success; she acted in obedience to the Truman Doctrine, when she sent her planes and ships into action. Her invocation of the Charter was an after-thought. It is clear, moreover, since she took Formosa under her wing that what she contemplates is not merely the repulse of the aggressor in South Korea, but a general action in the strategic interests of her Far Eastern Empire. Formosa by culture and history is a part of China, and Mao Tse-tung has as good a right to recover it as Cromwell had to win back the Isle of Man. Once embarked under American leadership in this general action, it will be impossible for us to limit its scope.

But are we not bound by our duty to the United Nations? If that means that we must obey the Security Council, as it is constituted to-day, I would answer emphatically, No. It has no moral authority to adjudicate in any conflict between East and West. When it refused to admit the representative of Communist China (the British representative abstaining), and confirmed Chiang Kai-shek's nominee in the exercise of his rights as a Great Power, it lost such claim as it ever had to be the world's impartial law-giver. Russia's retaliation by boycott was hasty and unwise, but the provocation was extreme. Thus the result of America's action (which Britain did not oppose) in excluding the Peking Government is that nearly half the world's population is without a representative on a Council which claims jurisdiction over all the earth. Neither by its composition nor on its record has it a moral claim to our obedience. The preliminary to any discussion to end the Cold War must be the remedy of this flagrant wrong. To talk of justice and law while it continues, is mere hypocrisy.

It may still be urged that for the sake of international solidarity we ought to take part in the defence of South Korea. To be the passive spectators of an act of aggression is not behaviour one can justify on general grounds. But by acting as we are doing in these concrete circumstances, we shall achieve other ends that have to be balanced against our professed purpose. Knowing very well that the *regime* we are defending in South Korea is as corrupt, as inefficient and as indifferent to all the rules of civil liberty as was that of Chiang Kai-shek in China, we are fighting to restore it and (it may be) to extend it over the whole of Korea. How many British airmens' and sailors' lives are we ready to sacrifice to back the Americans against the Russian Empire and to restore private enterprise (qualified by graft and cruelty) up to the 38th parallel? For my part, not a man, not a boy.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

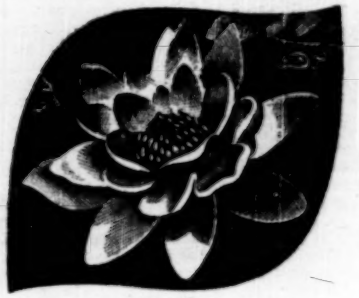
SIR,—It may be idle to talk about legality in the present international situation, but neither the Government, nor your leading article should be allowed to get away with the contention that intervention in Korea has any legal basis under the U.N. Charter.

Article 27 of the Charter is quite unequivocal. The Security Council can take decisions only with the concurring votes of the permanent members, unless one of them be party to the dispute, which is not the case here. The "*Statement by the Delegations of the four Sponsoring Governments on Voting Procedure in the Security Council*" which was designed to clarify the matter at the San Francisco Conference, is equally unambiguous. Unanimity is essential for all decisions which involve "taking direct measures in connection with disputes, adjustments of situations likely to lead to disputes, determinations of threats to peace, removals of threats to peace." (1, 3). The reason for this, the statement argues sensibly (1, 4), is because such "decisions and actions by the Security Council may well have major political consequences which might in the end require the Council under its responsibilities, to invoke measures of enforcement."

The only way round this is to argue, as your leading article does, that by its absence the U.S.S.R. has "in effect waived its power of veto." Now as a matter of realism, this is tosh. Nobody seriously holds that the U.S.S.R. can reasonably disinterest itself in a matter which may involve world war. Anyway it doesn't. As a matter of legality, it rests on extremely flimsy foundations. It has been argued, on the basis of an American assurance in 1945 that abstention would not prevent the Council from making decisions on matters of substance, and on the basis of a single precedent, that absence is equivalent to abstention. (*Goodrich and Hambro: The Charter of the United Nations*, 223). The only document which could conceivably authorise such a view, outside the Charter, which is silent, is a Four-Power declaration such as the one quoted above. There is none. The point is therefore speculative, and without real force. In any case it has generally been held—for instance by the Labour Party's pamphlet *The United Nations Charter Examined* (London 1946 p. 19)—that "the Council cannot call upon the disputants to settle their differences, and cannot make specific recommendations for a settlement of the dispute, unless all the five great powers vote for the decision."

Whether we like it or not, the U.N. was designed to take legal action in case of conflict only under such circumstances. If the U.S.A., its supporting Powers and Dr. Tsiang want to take action, they must either do so outside the Charter (and therefore, I imagine, in violation of it), or reform the United Nations first, if they can. They may believe the time has come to do away with the United Nations. They cannot claim any legal basis for their action, even if the U.S.A. had not, as your leading article puts it in a powerful piece of understatement, "weakened the basis of legality" by intervening in Korea and China before the Security Council's rump had "authorised" them.

King's College, Cambridge E. J. HOBSBAWM



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SIR,—The imminence of a Third World War is an adequate and urgent reason for asking space for this letter. The Korean incident shows how swiftly war might come.

The British Council of Churches has recently issued a statement upon the Hydrogen bomb. It followed upon similar statements by the World Council of Churches and the National Federal Free Church Council.

Unexceptionable in themselves as these statements have been, excepting where they tolerate the use of Atom bombs, they all suffer from a grave and crippling defect. They leave the responsibility for action upon Governments and *give no hint of independent Church Action should Governments fail.*

In the case of the British Council of Churches this defect is in sharp contrast to its statement upon Racial Discrimination made at the same Conference. In that instance the issue is not left entirely to the secular authorities to decide, but clear warning is given of Church Action. Here is the passage:

> The British Council of Churches therefore wishes to state that racial discrimination, or any policies which involve it, cannot be justified, and that the Churches, Missionary Societies and other bodies co-operating in the Council *are determined to oppose any tendencies towards racial discrimination in any territories for which the British Government is responsible.*

The italics are mine but they stress the factor so tragically absent from the Council statement on the Hydrogen and other Atom bombs. The Church, on the matter of War, leaves herself the prisoner of the State. What folly it is for the Church to behave as though her own temporal existence is not just as certainly threatened as that of any other social institution.

But what can the Church do? So much more, if she will have faith in herself, than is indicated by the statements referred to.

The whole Christian Church of Britain, Protestant and Catholic, should enter at once into urgent conference on the subject of Independent Christian Action to prevent war. This Conference could project others on the part of the Russian Churches, and of the American Churches, as the prelude to a United Conference of all three Churches—another Big Three indeed.

The mass of Christian humanity that stands likely to answer the call of those Churches is in the neighbourhood of 200 million souls, fairly evenly divided between East and West. The swift mobilisation of this multitude against the idea of war, and the moral leadership it would give to the remainder of the population, would make it impossible for any of the three Governments to fight a third World War. This could be made the effective beginning of a universal dismantling of the War-Institution—that new "gigantic peace-effort" for which the World Council of Churches calls.

"If 'twere well done, 'twere well done quickly."

The Pax Christi League ALBERT D. BELDEN,
General Director

SIR,—U.S. policy in the East has all along been based on trying to turn the clock back in China, Korea (where Syngman Rhee is a pocket Chiang Kai-shek with a vengeance) and Indo-china, by supporting reactionary semi-Fascist, semi-feudal dictatorships, and to impose a settlement without and against the only two Great Powers who are at home in the Far East and are Korea's neighbours, namely China and the Soviet Union. It would be more reasonable to treat the clash between Northern and Southern Korea as a civil war, in which our sympathies should lie with native Communism as against American-imposed Capitalism, than as aggression by the Soviet Union (although I believe the truth to lie somewhere between those two positions). But what matters is the future.

Either the U.S. drags us all into a world war over this business, or, as is more likely, the thing will end by the United States re-occupying South Korea and stepping up her policy of intervention throughout South East Asia, accompanied by a speeding up of the arms race and further tension throughout the world. In short, either this is the final step or merely a further step towards a third world war.

If the former, we have no future to worry about. If the latter, we should be demanding now that China be admitted to the Security Council, and that hostilities should be followed by a general Far Eastern settlement through the United Nations Security Council, on the basis of the full partnership of both China and the U.S.S.R., directed to winding up intervention in Korea and the colonial wars in Indo-china and Malaya, restoring Formosa to China and a peace treaty with Japan.

We should be in a stronger position to press for this if the Government had not taken the name of the United Nations in vain to line us up behind American power politics. It cannot be sufficiently emphasized that this business has nothing whatever to do with the rule of law or collective security or loyalty to the United Nations, but merely with obedience to a criminally reckless and stupid American policy that is not justified because it is paralleled by the folly of the Russians. K. ZILLIACUS

60, Abbey Road, N.W.8.

LABOUR DYNAMIC

SIR,—Readers, myself included, will be grateful to Mr. Donald Bruce for his defence of Britain's economic record since the War. His facts did not, however, refute my argument. It was not, as he thought, my purpose to minimize the scale of our achievement, but to express misgivings about the rate of our progress in industrial investment, two rather different things.

My figures were drawn, as were those of Mr. Bruce, from the *Economic Survey of Europe for* 1949. In 1948, France devoted 580 million dollars (at 1938 prices) to net capital formation in industry, Britain only 480 million; in 1949, France similarly invested 626 million, Britain 540 million. This represents about 24 per cent of total net capital formation spent on industrial development in Britain, and over 60 per cent in France under the Monnet Plan. It may also be remembered that the French national income is about half the size of ours. Surely it is fair to say that we are not over-generous towards the sources of future productivity?

The rate of net investment per head of industrial workers in 1948 and also 1949 was 100 dollars in France, and only 50-60 in this country, (with the U.S.A. well in the lead at 190). Mr. Bruce cannot seriously dismiss this fact by saying that it "needs to be higher" in France, because of the lower productivity of French Industry. By the same token, our investment rate "needs to be higher" compared with America, where net value of output per head is 2,000 dollars (1938 prices), as against 920 here and 590 in France.

These facts are not, however, my assumptions. My argument is that the national cake is still too small, that its growth is too slow and ought to be increased to yield larger, as well as fair, shares for all. To this end we need a Five Year Plan. I. ALEXANDER

Oxford.

THE COLOSSUS OF BATTERSEA

SIR,—John Burns, Tom Mann and Ben Tillett were extraordinary men who in their different ways did much for Labour in days when trade unionism was beginning to assert itself. The value of their respective contributions will be a matter for study and comment for many a day to come. But what surprises me when I read Norman MacKenzie's review, is the suggestion that the big man of the 1889 dock strike was John Burns.

I know other writers, two who have reviewed this book elsewhere in especial, who have put forward the same view. It would interest me to know the basis for this.

During the years that I edited the *Clarion* and was secretary of the National Trade Union Club I had many opportunities of meeting men who actually took part in the strike. I brought 150 of the 1889 dockers together in 1936 for the Tillett testimonial dinner.

Certainly to these men Tillett was the leader. It may interest Mr. MacKenzie to know that because subsequent to the strike various writers in the Press were extreme in their praise of Burns and critical of Tillett, George Howell, secretary of the Trades Union Congress, wrote to the *Star* asking that due credit be given the latter. Tillett's own version of the strike, written while all the facts were fresh in his mind can be found in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for September 1889.

The facts as told me by both Mann and Tillett are as follows. Tillett did not know Burns prior to the strike. He did know Mann and the latter promised to help Tillett if ever occasion arose. Tillett sent for Mann when the strike began and a little later Mann brought Burns into the strike committee.

Burns love of showmanship won him much publicity, but both Mann and Tillett later viewed him with suspicion for they felt that he was trying to effect a compromise for 5½d. an hour with certain City interests. Strained relationships followed.

The letters which passed between Burns and Mann were formal and austere, even many years later, as compared with the friendliness which marked every sentence in the correspondence of the other two men.

There was a request a little time before Burns death that I should bring them together. Tillett was too ill with asthma to make the journey to Clapham and it did not take place.

I could say much more on this famous trio and in especial concerning the two of whom I saw so much and knew so well. One idiosyncracy they shared. It was typical of their vanity. None would allow his signature to be blotted.

They were each in their way big men among men. They won the affection of their people. Their successors, alas, only command respect. The times have changed. ARTHUR PEACOCK

Roythill, Blackboys
nr. Uckfield, Sussex.

MRS. OLIPHANT

SIR,—I am writing a life of Mrs. Margaret Oliphant (1828–1897) and am anxious to examine any of her correspondence or letters concerning her. I should be most grateful if anyone having such material would loan it to me. All letters will be copied and carefully returned at once. TRUDY BLISS

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Books in General

No wonder Lydia Avilov*, with a husband and child of her own, fell in love with him: we all do, more or less. "Come at once," said the note from her sister, "Chekhov is here." The baby had been bath'd; Michael, her husband—never, in years to come, "particularly interested to meet Chekhov"—was busy; the whole long evening stretched ahead; and, of course, she was head over heels in love before she set eyes on him.

Chekhov was walking up and down her brother-in-law's study in the middle of some anecdote about rehearsals, a quick, rumpled, dainty stranger, with screwed-up eyes and a habit of throwing back his head. He held her hand with, as it seemed, tender surprise; afterwards he came up carrying a plate, took hold of one of her long thick plaits, sat beside her at dinner, smiled when her talent was introduced (for she wrote too, a little) unobtrusively deployed his own, asked whether she would be at the first night of *Ivanov*, promised a ticket, and when she felt she should fly home, quite won her over by bending to look into her eyes and saying "You have a son? How nice!" Something in her, at this look (she tells us), burst brightly, rapturously, and back home the gruntings of the infant being swaddled did not prevent her laughing and exclaiming "Have I a son? How nice!" Her husband—very sensitive to kitchen smells and to interruptions of work brought home from a Ministry—followed rather angrily into the nursery. No wonder if she was in love, he was out of patience! ". . . And what a silly way to wear your plaits. Wanted to impress your Chekhov, I suppose. Lyovonshka is crying and his mother is flirting with some literary gentleman."

The situation of the next ten years had been pretty clearly defined. The threatened divorce would never take place, there would be more children, there would be meetings at theatres and in drawing-rooms, a sled drive, supper together, letters, sentimental mockeries, traps, evasions, with the reins of family duty pulling at this one, of illness and professional caution at that. Knowing Chekhov, one could predict that the affair would remain, delightfully, crossly, at a distance: these lovers would never "get to Moscow." Why should they? What was she in love with? Not so much Chekhov himself, ailing and gently, brightly impregnable, as the Chekhov way of writing and feeling, of being able to start anywhere, of harmonising the drift in people and overcharging their strange sad interdependence with a chord: how flat, otherwise, how tone-deaf and stone-blind in its stupidity, life could become! So much, in touches, hints, flowerings, disappointments from the Master himself (was there ever a more resistlessly charming one?) she could confidently clutch at. It was hers—he, never. And she must have known it from the beginning; for Lydia Avilov was no fool as her very first paragraph makes plain.

So she entered upon her love-story—a real Chekhov story—and if at one or two moments it sounded a self-flattering wrong note ("Will I never, never bring him anything but grief?"), still this playfully regretful, half-absent junction of lovers that flickered for ten years was genuine enough, both on her part and his. She makes her bid for him (ruined by inevitable bad luck), and with the main chance lost goes house-hunting on his behalf, attends first nights, takes him flowers when he's in hospital, finds a copyist for his old newspaper stories; she sees him for the last time on a railway platform, remembering in that instant the parting of lovers in one of his tales about her. Sometimes in this entanglement—but that's hardly the word, it was a web that needed too much gay repair—Chekhov may have showed himself rather cruel; she provoked irritation, for lack, no doubt, of anything better; but in making amends, how he could lend an amusement even to coolness!

> I shall still be in Moscow on the 1st of May. Could you come and have coffee with me in the morning? If the children are with you, bring them too. Coffee with rolls and cream; I'll have some ham, too.

Were they ever in love? Yes. No. Well . . .

The fascination of Lydia Avilov's story—which might almost have been dictated, absent-mindedly, by Chekov himself—is multiplied by her connection with *The Seagull*. She it was who gave to Chekhov the pendant engraved "Short Stories by A. Chekhov" and on the reverse, "Page 267, lines 6 and 7," this reference providing the sentence: "If you ever want my life, come and take it." But Chekhov was no Trigorin (and she no Nina, for that matter). What he did was to ask her to attend the first night of *The Seagull*, when (he said) he would answer from the stage. She only half-appreciated, while she waited his reply, that disastrous occasion, with an audience laughing itself silly over "symbolic trash"; and when at last the medallion appeared and its avowal was read out, for all to hear, her head whirled. But the page and line numbers, she noticed, had been changed. That night, when her husband had gone to bed, she tracked down the new reference. "It is not proper"—this, then was his response! —"for young ladies to go to mask balls." Their recent meeting had been at such a ball. The rebuff—when one's read the whole story—is not quite as heartless as it may sound. But it *is*, in Chekhov language, equivalent to Hamlet's "Get thee to a nunnery!" As everyone knows, this particular play is rich with allusions to Hamlet; and if Chekhov with an obliquity that in everyday encounters took simpler forms, chose it for an occasion to dismiss his Ophelia, it paved the way also for Gertrude. He married Olga Knipper, who played on the stage the part of Arkadina, the actress-mother.

In some respects *Chekhov in My Life* illumines for me its central figure more than any other book I have read about Chekhov. It has an excellent introduction by David Magarshack, who has also translated. The drawings by Linton Lamb add a fine retrospective sadness, especially the woman with an umbrella leaning into the snow, and the title-page head of Chekhov as a young man. Here he hasn't developed that odd later quizzical look. His beard has hardly started; in the land and century of the God-haunted beaver, his was to remain—what shall I say?—essentially feminine.

In *A Life of Chekhov*† yet another Russian woman—though she knows only his works—is almost as lovingly communicative. Her book is less a life than a portrait, full-length, delicate, light and quick of colour. He has kept still for her. Has a little of the asperity in his simple-sly equivocations (think of poor rosy-cheeked Lydia Avilov) been missed? Perhaps, but if so it may be granted an artist who puts in only as much as will sustain a general impression. Every detail—as in Chekhov's own stories—grows after it's planted; every anecdote starts another. Was there ever such a life of anecdotes? Chekhov staring through opera-glasses at the horizon while his visitors bore the dog, the garden-table, the apple trees; Chekhov saying to the actor who has asked how to play Trigorin, "With burst canvas shoes and a cigar"; Chekhov fleeing that dreadful first night of *The Seagull*; Chekhov fishing in his pond without fish; Chekhov beginning with an amused smile to write the story which will draw tears. And Chekhov dying. Olga Knipper's description of the warm July evening in a Badenweiler hotel is very well known, yet who could read it without wanting to copy it down?

> Anton Pavlovich sat up, and with a sort of gravity said aloud in German to the doctor (he spoke German very badly): "*Ich sterbe.*" Then he took the glass, smiled his marvellous smile, and said: "I haven't drunk champagne for a long time." He drank calmly, draining the glass; then he lay back gently on his left side.

Subject—as his Trigorin would have noted, with a stab of his pencil—for a short story.

These two books, so artfully imparting a word, a touch, or a sigh, have lured me away to read for the first time those letters to Olga Knipper, (the teasings of a perpetually absent honeymooner) and to re-read the plays, one-acters and all. While I was ruminating (for Madam Avilov's story sends us straight there) through the pages of *The Seagull* I encountered one of those hair-raising obliquities with which Chekhov never fails to pierce us. The cough on the stairs, the medicine bottle going off next door—these, perhaps, we have grown used to; not that they affect us less, they may even (being anticipated) more exquisitely hurt; still, finally the theatre has won them from life. Yet the incorrigibility, the life-stir, the shimmering pattern of Chekhov remain inexhaustible. He writes in dots, and the dots spread. The particular new dot that fetched me when I was reading *The Seagull* was that, engaged with the general talk, I grew aware of the silence of a principal figure—of the usually dominating Arkadina, in fact; in that moment—so significant was her silence—I found myself suddenly intruding on her thoughts. And sure enough, a half-page later this train of thought was com-

**Chekhov In My Life.* By Lydia Avilov. Translated with an Introduction by David Magarshack. Drawings by Lynton Lamb. *Leh. ann.* 10s. 6d.

†*A Life of Chekhov.* By Irene Nemirovsky. Translated by Erik de Mauny. *Grey Walls Press.* 12s. 6d

pleted by her return to the conversation with a casually interjected remark.

The Cherry Orchard, The Seagull, Ivanov, Three Sisters, Uncle Vanya,—how could I *not* have lived in them for so long? The theatre has brought no such sympathetic lingerings as we share with this dramatist who knows us delicately, who cannot resist a smile, and yet never, by that smile, derides humanity. Oh, we are toads, shufflers, bores; we go on mumbling that elegy of ourselves that turns out to be a limerick; something or other (but what?) hoveringly enchants us; the time, the place, the other are there, yet we look for an excuse to go; eternity—the eternity of the backward clock—is ours; we joke, we complain, we wound with kind feelings, we are clever and stupid, viciously alert and the evenings find us sentimental; we gobble up—never more regretfully rapacious—whatever angel may come our way. And yet what dear, damnable, delightful people we are! We? What am I thinking of? They, of course!—those ruinous, rambling, ivy-fingered personages of Chekhov.

G. W. STONIER

THE CHICKEN'S FOOT

A WEIRD choir sang through the huge house: a dozen draughts
Fluted about the stair-rails, and up the lift-shafts rose the sea's deep voices:
The walls vibrated keenly, each brick wailed its little song:
The tempest rose and fell, transmuted to this sad and nervous music.

Outside sad Arabs hugged their handcarts, veils or babies, fleeing
With uncertain motions among the mud and puddles: scraps of paper
Rose weakly this and that way, fell wet to earth, under the naked slipping feet:
Fruitsellers shrieked their prices in unusual anguish: the wind
Ravished the cabbage of its leaves, the client of his tall tarbush:
Outside the great wind sailed untamed, at liberty, unframed to art.

At the end of this little street, unnamed, unfamed, a street that one might take
Unseeingly, to cheat the wind or to avoid one's friends,
A street like others, unduly ravaged by the tempest's tail,
Vulnerable to nature's carelessness although inured to man's—
At the bottom of this fluttered street, flat in the choked gutter,
I saw the neat claws, the precise foot, of a chicken—
Bright yellow leggings, precious lucid nails, washed by the waters,
Victim of our bellies, memorable sermon, oh murdered singing throat,
Confronting the battered traveller, fingers spread in admonition.

The wind howled louder in derision: oh literary pedestrian,
Small bankrupt moralist, oh scavenger of the obvious symbol!
But entering the huge house, where the wind's scattered voices,
Hot with insidious history, chill with foreboding, surged through my body,
The chicken's foot, naked and thin, still held my mind between its claws—
The cleanest thing, most innocent, most living, of that morning.

D. J. ENRIGHT

THE BUNKER REVISITED

The Last Days of Hitler. By H. R. TREVOR-ROPER. Second Edition. *Macmillan.* 15s.

It is always tempting to tinker with a successful book when it goes into a second edition. The temptation is especially strong in a work of history. New facts turn up; judgments alter. Mr. Trevor-Roper has resisted this temptation; very wisely, he has had confidence in his original achievement. He has removed the error that Goebbels was a pupil of the Jesuits; he is slightly less contemptuous of Canaris; and he has been driven by the journalistic attacks of Hanna Reitsch to play down this romantic and hysterical figure. Apart from this, the main text is unaltered. Instead of revision, Mr. Trevor-Roper has added an introduction of fifty pages, itself a fine piece of writing and a valuable addition to the book. The bulk of the introduction explains the methods of research by which the evidence for the book was accumulated. This, and especially the discovery of the texts of Hitler's will, is a detective-story of the highest quality. Equally important is the analysis of the fragmentary Russian contribution to the story. Like everything connected with Russian policy, much of this is guess-work; but Mr. Trevor-Roper makes good guesses. Zhukov had solid grounds for knowing that Hitler was dead and said so on more than one occasion; this seems reasonably clear. Later Stalin decided that Hitler was alive and this became the official Russian version. The evidence to the contrary was suppressed; and Zhukov was forced over to the party-line. Why Stalin launched this version it is impossible to say. Perhaps to embarrass the Western Powers and to have an additional ground for nagging at them; perhaps simply as a whim; perhaps he committed himself to the idea without looking at the evidence and then made everyone else in Russia do the same. It is a curious, though minor, illustration of how the Russian system works in intellectual matters.

The last few pages of the introduction are an attack on Mr. Trevor-Roper's critics. Though this is entertaining enough, it detracts from the high level of the rest of the book. What is the point in drawing attention to writers whom otherwise no one would ever have heard of? "What I have written, I have written" is much the best line to adopt on all occasions, unless caught out in a mistake of fact. The argument with Hanna Reitsch is on a different level. Here I have a feeling that Mr. Trevor-Roper somehow strayed from his usual high standard of enquiry and is now rather embarrassed by his slip; possibly he is simply being chivalrous and could really blow Miss Reitsch sky-high if he felt so inclined. But these few pages have a curious air of half-heartedness and confusion, foreign to the rest of the book.

As to the book itself, how has it worn after three years as a best-seller? The flaws, if any, ought to stand out more clearly now that the original excitement has worn off. The most serious flaw, in the original, was that nothing was said about the disposal of Hitler's ashes. This revealed a defect in the Trevor-Roper method, which allows nothing to exist between dogmatic certainty and absolute silence. Mr. Trevor-Roper could not be sure what happened to Hitler's ashes; therefore he pretended, even to himself, that the problem did not exist. The flaw has now been made good in the introduction. Reasonable surmise about the ashes adds up to a convincing story; and it is a pity that this part of the introduction could not have been incorporated into the text. Apart from this, the narrative still seems flawless; a brilliant and accurate reconstruction of an affair which seemed at first sight hopelessly obscure. So far as it can ever be said of an episode in history, "this is really what happened," it can be said of *The Last Days of Hitler*.

On the more general question of spirit and of interpretation, there might be more criticism. This is the book of a rational man, critical, detached, sceptical. He regards the men of whom he writes as mad. And so they were, but not in the ordinary way which makes men certifiable. They were mad with power, mad with German romanticism, mad with all the intellectual diseases of our age; their madness was greater in degree, but not in kind, than that of all rulers of all great states. Besides, their madness had a special richness, summing up so much of German history; this made them profound as well as ridiculous. To Mr. Trevor-Roper they were merely ridiculous. It is like reading a summary of *The Ring* by someone who is tone-deaf. How absurd Wotan and Brünnhilde and Siegfried would appear! There was a real element of *Götterdämmerung* in Hitler's end. In Trevor-Roper's account, the last days of the Bunker sometimes resemble, instead, after-dinner conversation in an Oxford common-room—eccentric, no doubt, but not blazing mad on a gigantic scale. Actually, as one would expect, most of the characters dwindled with the approach of catastrophe. They became trivial intriguers and blundering at that. Hence Mr. Trevor-Roper's rationalism does very well for them. One figure did not dwindle, did not become trivial, rather became madder and madder on an ever grander scale. This was Hitler. Mr. Trevor-Roper is very good on Goering, very good on Himmler; admires Speer and even Goebbels. Hitler escapes him; he is a figure seen by others, never realised (as the others are) from within; no wonder his ashes vanished beyond rational knowledge. Yet Hitler was one of the great daemonic figures of history, a man of infinite strength of character, capable of firing the most sceptical and the most despairing even at the last moment. It is no doubt damning to human nature that Hitler should have affected men in this way; the fact remains that he did so affect them, and the historian has to make this fact felt even when he condemns it himself.

Still, this is an endless dispute in the art of history. Everything, even rationalism, has to be paid for; and rationalism is worth any price, even that of lack of sympathy. The greatest English historian despised his chosen topic and said of it: "I have depicted the triumph of barbarism and religion." What was good enough in Gibbon is still good enough in Trevor-Roper. When every criticism has been made—occasional criticism of fact, deeper criticism of spirit—the verdict remains unchanged. This is an incomparable book, by far the best book written on any aspect of the second German war; a book sound in its scholarship, brilliant in presentation, a delight for historian and layman alike. No words of praise are too strong for it.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

SPANISH HONOUR

The Spaniards in Their History. By RAMÓN MENÉNDEZ PIDAL. Trans. and with a Prefatory Essay by WALTER STARKIE. *Hollis & Carter.* 16s.

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philologist, who holds again since 1947 his position in the Spanish Academy, has re-opened the discussion. His historical analysis of the Spanish character is the first cautious pronouncement by a Spanish intellectual to come from inside Spain since the Civil War.

Pronouncement is, perhaps, not the word for an analysis which is scientific in tone and which cools the reader's head in the shades of history. Professor Pidal's book is the work of a humanist—it is, in fact, the introductory essay to a long work on Spanish pre-history and was written in 1946—and therefore a move towards reconciliation. His general criticism of his predecessors in the argument is that in their despair or their pessimism, they picked out of history what suited them. The quarrel—so disastrous in its consequence—between the traditionalists and the Europeanisers is like the once bitter differences of the Westerns and Slavophils in Russia; the traditionalists refused to see where there had been change, evolution or contact with foreign ideas in the past; the progressives, faced by fanaticism, would not see that tradition was an intrinsic passion of the Spanish personality. Up till now these polemics have been conducted in fine generalisations. Professor Pidal's method is to go back over the ground of national character, in order to make Spaniards see themselves and accept each other. Its scientific approach owes something to the influence of Giner de los Rios and that austerer, almost puritan movement in Spanish thought which was the first victim in the Civil War, and which now, in this book, shows the tenacity of its humanism.

It was often thought in Spain that this exemplary movement wrote off too primly the vein of coarseness, often ugly and obstinate, but often vital, too, in the Spanish peoples. The basis of Spanish character, for Professor Pidal, is austerity, soberness and stoicism. How little does a man want? The merits and defects branch out and interlace. Austerity makes the Spaniard resistant, contemplative, idealistic, generous; on the other hand, it makes him look for less and less, he retires into hermit-like abstemiousness, he fears novelty which will break the frugal pattern. So he stops work when the immediate necessity has gone. Spain is the country of beginnings. Progress can be seen as wicked, contact with the outside world as calamitous. Yet not to finish one's task becomes incompetence. (The Spaniards under Philip II never learned banking; they had already got rid of the Spanish Jews, and so an impoverished country incompetently made the fortune of the Genoese bankers.) If the improvident man has the virtues of the contemplative, the contemplative becomes reckless if he is pushed into action:

> The audacious exploration of the Amazon was carried out without the slightest preparation, and it would never have been accomplished if the explorers had insisted beforehand upon a plan guaranteeing the success of the enterprise.

In his action there is an alternation of violent energy and apathy.

The austere man cuts himself off from the community, in so far as the community does not benefit him at once. He becomes the wise custodian of personal values but he overvalues himself. This overvaluation of the individual has produced extraordinary individuals—the conquistador, certain mystics; but it has wrecked civic life. It has led to violent intolerance and has made Spanish envy a byword. Ortega y Gasset complained of the failure to create élites and even those who have praised Spanish egalitarianism have also seen in it the corruption of the common touch. If we are as noble as the King, he is ignoble as ourselves. The trouble has been, as Professor Pidal says, that the minorities have destroyed each other through plain envy or overvaluation.

The fragmentation continually at work in Spanish life does not, however, lead Professor Pidal to support the opinion that Spain is a collection of very different regions which are striving or ought to strive to break away from Castile. There are fewer national languages than in France. The desire for autonomy springs up in periods of poverty—but surely Catalonia has been enormously rich in the last 50 years?—and it is in times of poverty that national character shows its negative traits. The point of his argument is that the self-destructive qualities of the Spaniards are strong when there is no over-reaching unifying idea, and that the unity of Spain is indispensable to the Spanish virtues:

> And so far from putting down the weakness of Spain to the indocile nature of the peoples which is unable to follow the lead of its select minority, we must attribute it to the discord and want of harmony existing among the members of that select minority, to their deficiencies which split up all sense of leadership and direction. The war against Napoleon was the most remarkable example of this Spain abandoned by her leaders, then displayed the most spontaneous spirit of unity.

Spanish individualism can harmonise with high collective ideals. And in Spanish history the *desconcierto* or pre-eminence of the individual in Castile, gave it the loose leadership which has always been characteristic of Spanish majority movements.

I have noted some of the ideas which Professor Pidal richly expands, without the usual rhetoric of Spanish monologue, but with subtlety and innumerable historical instances. His page on the perplexing business of Spanish honour, for example, in the extraordinary literature of the subject and in life, is very valuable. The sense of honour is not, he points out, a peculiarity of the baroque period. The literature of honour extends to the lower classes and the regard for honour is basic: the individual regards himself as a trustee of the essential values in collective life.

Before the Civil War, it was the men of the Giner de los Rios movement, the progressive Europeanisers and not the traditionalists, who made the signal contributions to the study of the Spanish past. Professor Pidal belongs to this group. And it is a medievalist who firmly sets out a faith, in the end, that "the hard reality of events is bound to strengthen toleration" and "win back individual rights in our collectivised world." He raises the voice of humanism in a country which ten years after the Civil War has become the wilderness of the fanatic's guilty conscience. Professor Starkie contributes a diffuse but spirited introduction which is inspired by Pidal's work on the Spanish ballad.

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III "TIME IS THE MIND OF SPACE" — Professor Dorothy Emmet

IV SCEPTICISM AND MEANING — Stuart Hampshire, M.A.

V IS THERE A CASE FOR THE GENERAL WILL? — B. Mayo, M.A.

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Some of this information, and the long discussion of sources and early sketches which is prefixed to each narrative, are not perhaps of quite as much immediate value to the opera-goer as Mr. Newman appears to believe. Thus, I doubt if it is possible to enjoy "Brangaene's Warning" more intensely, in the theatre, by reminding oneself of the old Troubadour convention of "Watchman's Songs" to which at this point Wagner so happily alludes; but, in retrospect, this piece of knowledge certainly increases our respect for Wagner's poetic handling of medieval legend. Again, it is delightful, rather than strictly useful, to know that the ending of the second act of the *Meistersinger* was probably suggested by a farcical brawl in the streets of Nuremberg in which the composer had been involved as a youth of twenty; or to discover that he originally intended to begin *Das Rheingold* with Wotan bathing in the Rhine. Far from deploring such inessential items of information, I cannot have too many of them.

We are so accustomed to thinking of Wagner's music-dramas as complete and watertight works of art (*Gesamtkunstwerken*, as the Germans say) that it comes as a surprise to learn how many loose ends and small inconsistencies the composer allowed to survive, unchanged, from earlier drafts. On these points Mr. Newman has much that is interesting and amusing to say. One problem, however, he does not tackle. Why did Wagner leave so much narrative and explanation in the finished *Ring*, when he had enormously expanded his original scheme for a single opera with the precise object of avoiding this necessity? To take an obvious instance: the Wanderer's lengthy colloquies in *Siegfried*—first with Mime, then successively with Alberich, Erda and Siegfried—are rendered largely unnecessary by the existence of *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*. Why then did Wagner not shorten them—to the great gain of his drama? Presumably because he could not bear to sacrifice so much of the immense musical design which was already in his head. About Wagner's musical designs, in the larger sense, Mr. Newman has comparatively little to say, although it was he who drew the attention of English musicians to Alfred Lorenz's epoch-making investigations. Evidently he felt that merely to touch on such a subject might lead him altogether too far afield. His elucidation of the Leit-motives is admirably full and clear. The conventional labels by which these are known are, as he points out, often misleading; it is sometimes difficult to be sure of the precise significance they held for Wagner himself. But I can't see why Mr. Newman is so bothered by the recurrence, in *Die Walküre*, of the motive first heard in *Das Rheingold* at the entry of Freia fleeing from the Giants and usually known as the "Flight Motive." In the prelude to the second act of *Walküre* it is surely intended to call to our minds an image of Siegmund and Sieglinde in headlong flight from the vengeance of Hunding. This interpretation is so obvious that we must presume Mr. Newman to have rejected it; but he does not tell us why.

The extreme readability of *Wagner Nights* is disturbed by one element. "As often as possible," says the author, "I have allowed Wagner the poet to speak for himself, using my own translations in the Breitkopf and Härtel edition of the operas." This is all very well; but the inversions and peculiarities of idiom which are tolerable and doubtless unavoidable in a practical singing translation become absurd when embedded in the text of an English book. Instances abound. "Warfather grimmest greeting would give, saw he not her in our midst." "Meseemeth, is this harmful, for naught but your weal it worketh." "From common mortal this twin-pair begetting, at the feet of these wolf-whelps throwest thou, base one, thy wife!" Wiser were it and winsomer far, meseemeth, to comb out these Gothic angles, and to allow the meaning to emerge in that straightforward prose which Mr. Newman writes with enviable ease.

That faithful stand-by of many years, Kobbé's *Complete Opera Book*, reappears in a new edition which is welcome—though it is something of a makeshift. Gustav Kobbé died before the first edition (New York, 1919) was quite ready for the press; ever since then, his book has been patched up in successive revisions with the economical idea of retaining undisturbed as many as possible of the original pages. In the latest edition a posthumous (and, perhaps, anti-Teutonic) "e" has been added to the author's Christian name; but the bulk of his work still slumbers undisturbed. The late Ferrucio Bonavia has added clear narratives of several operas, including those of Benjamin Britten, and also (many hundreds of pages distant from other works by their composers) *Seraglio*, *Cenerentola*, *Simon Boccanegra*, etc., which were previously absent. The illustrations are reduced in number by half, and half-heartedly brought up to date. Next time, the publishers must really go a bust, and reset the whole book. But, when that happens, I confess that I shall miss many long-treasured passages. It will be sad, for instance, to read about Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* without Mr. Kobbé's comment on the Shadow Song: "This is a passage so graceful and, when sung and acted by an Adelina Patti, was so appealing, that I am frank to confess it suggested to me the chapter entitled 'Shadows of the Stage,' in my novel of opera behind the scenes, *All-of-a-Sudden Carmen*." Ah, *All-of-a-Sudden Carmen*, who reads you now?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

AFTER THE BALL

Arabian Journey. By GERALD DE GAURY. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.

Caribbean Circuit. By SIR HARRY LUKE. *Nicholson & Watson.* 12s. 6d.

Ourselves Writ Strange. By ALAN MARSHALL. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

Moanalua. By THOMAS WOODROFFE. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Plant Hunters in the Andes. By T. HARPER GOODSPEED. *Hale.* 21s.

"It's later than you think" the radio warns, and still we haven't got to Cuzco or Haiti, the southern shores of the Caspian or the Great Barrier Reef. Did not Baudelaire define the true travellers as those "*qui partent pour partir . . . et sans savoir pourquoi disent toujours : Allons!*"? For such as them, restless and sulking upon this English summer's unusually opulent bosom, are travel books a mischism or a consolation? Both, I suppose. But after reading this batch of them, one thing grows certain, the old travel book even of indifferent quality is the safest. For with its pleasure are mixed no pangs of conscience. The picture of a remote civilisation in full vigour, such as we get in Staunton's account of Lord Macartney's embassy to Ch'ien Lung, is all excitement. The impact of the West is still limited to the graceful and frivolous—musical clocks, coaches from Longacre. But the modern traveller, if of any sensibility, must be a creature wracked with guilt and anger, a chronicler of races and cultures dead or dying in the path of an advancing Western uniformity. We have got to the party after the ball is over.

True, it is not quite over in Colonel de Gaury's Arabia. Yet even here, we find the demand for fine horses falling off, while the American oil royalties bound up. In English Arabophily there is traditionally an element of rebellion against the Occidental system; to be in love with a nomadic way of life essentially implies a reproach to our urban one; and Colonel de Gaury, I suspect, seeks as much as anything to lose his own dilemmas in the sand. Were the choice between the desert, glittering, empty, sterile, and the Europe of the High Renaissance, he would no doubt permit himself little more than a Beckfordian excursion into the Arab world. But with Chicago or Tel-Aviv on the one hand and the Nejd on the other, like many Englishmen of his kind he plumbs for the Bedouin formula, even though he knows it to be doomed. This is by far the most sympathetic and practised book of those here considered, once it has freed itself of those stylistic affectations which ever

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Company Meeting

"SHELL" TRANSPORT AND TRADING

Importance of Petrol De-rationing

THE annual general meeting of The "Shell" Transport and Trading Co., Ltd., was held on Friday, June 30, in London.

Sir Frederick Godber, the chairman, said: Since my statement was prepared, one matter of very great importance, both to this country and the Commonwealth, and to the Oil Industry which serves them, has occurred, namely, the de-rationing of petrol.

Although only a short time has elapsed since this took place, it is already possible to see the beneficial effect it has had upon industry generally, and upon the public, and the many other incidental benefits which have emerged.

So far as the Oil Industry is concerned, de-rationing of course flowed naturally from the efforts of the Oil Companies to provide ample supplies of petroleum products from their great new refineries which have been constructed in this country and elsewhere. I would like to emphasize that it is not some fortuitous chance that has produced this happy state of affairs, but rather the long-term planning by all the units of the Oil Industry.

As was anticipated, the Industry has taken the release from this particular control in its stride. There have been no embarrassments and we now look forward to the day when the remaining controls are removed.

One other matter to which I should like to refer that has occurred since the publication of my statement, is the very great honour of Knighthood which His Majesty the King has conferred upon one of our Managing Directors, Mr. George Legh-Jones. I am sure you will desire to add your congratulations to those of the Board and, whilst it is primarily a well-deserved reward of Mr. Legh-Jones's ability and attainments, we may perhaps as a Group accept some of the reflected glory in that we may consider it as recognition also of the Group's contribution to the national well-being.

The report was adopted.

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It is significant that most people in this country who travel by air prefer to fly British. A natural pride in a British concern is of course one reason. But airways cannot depend on patriotism alone. The more definite reasons that have impressed themselves on experienced travellers are the comprehensive schedules on routes all over the world, the all-round efficiency, the courtesy, the thoroughness — and, perhaps above all, that sense of complete confidence that is felt by everyone in the presence of British Airmanship.

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since Doughty's time seem *de rigueur* in accounts of Arabian travel.

There is such a thing as the over-rich travel book, and after the fine-drawn eclecticism of Colonel de Gaury's vision, Sir Harry Luke's eye seems almost too observant. He is a supremely intelligent traveller, with an excellent nose for the quirks and oddities of history. But he amasses facts with scant discrimination, and the general effect suggests some Habsburg "cabinet of curiosities" where a stone out of a camel's belly is mounted in enamel and gold beside a statuette of Giambologna's, or a merman's withered hand. The Maya pyramids of Yucatan, Kings of the "Mosquito Nation" crowned with the pomp of an English coronation in Belize Cathedral, our decimation of the Caribs, and then our belated attempts to preserve the remnants of them, Nelson's dockyard at Antigua, the eighteenth century maces of the West Indian legislatures—Sir Harry Luke alas! misses nothing that might charm the citizen of the world. Here, stuffed into one stocky volume is enough material for five travel-books. And though we share the author's excitement at the thought of an Augustan Age so exotically transplanted, a sensation of surfeit promises well before the last page.

Still, Sir Harry Luke has erred on the right side; and it is fitting that his great banquet should leave us melancholy. For the history of the Caribbean in the last five centuries is a warning of the futility of man's dealings with alien cultures weaker than his own. Spaniards, English and French may be the obvious villains of his story. But the Carib nation, now reduced to an embarrassing handful, were hardly less violent in their prime; the Africans, had they come to the West Indies as conquerors instead of as manacled slaves, might well have appalled history by their crimes.

Mr. Alan Marshall's laborious and praiseworthy travels among the aborigines inhabiting the Northern Territory of Australia and the adjacent islands is filled with generous indignation against oppression of a culture whose only crime was to belong to the Stone Age. How superficially did the doctrine of the Noble Savage penetrate the spirit of Western colonisation. These unfortunate "black fellows," naturally no more bellicose than the average Scottish clan of the seventeenth century, have been hunted, exterminated, bullied during the last century, purely because they were considered "backward" and therefore shiftless. Logically, there is hardly less justification for exterminating all Anglo-Saxons who have not yet advanced to the point of owning television sets. It is, however, some comfort to read recently that the Australian Labour Party are now pressing for a measure of direct aboriginal representation in the Federal Parliament.

Into Commander Woodrooffe's good-natured account of a naval service in New Zealand and the Pacific twenty years ago few embarrassing, accusing ghosts are allowed to penetrate. Pride in the Navy's long association with New Zealand, kind words for the Maoris and their bravery, a visit to the Tonga Islands, where a tortoise presented by Captain Cook was still an honoured guest of the royal garden—here is the discreet, engaging conversation of a naval officer who has kept his eyes open, but not too wide.

In this age, with travel reassuming a mediaeval difficulty, apart from the official and the newspaperman, the scientist is almost the only being whose journeys are still blessed. Dr. Harper Goodspeed and his team of botanists from Berkeley University, California have penetrated, in search of rare plants, mostly of the *Nicotiana* species, into crannies of the Andean uplands of which we can never hear too much. Their joint reminiscences at once titivate and tease. For a moment we are allowed a clear vision of the rare and strange—fogs bred from the Humboldt current cause a desert hill suddenly to blossom, or the clamour of a Quichua fair at 15,000 ft. deafens our already buzzing ears. Then the scene vanishes behind a cloud of good-humoured clichés, and we are left still baffled by the eternal problem of how to get to Cuzco before the ball is entirely over.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

NEW NOVELS

A Kiss For the Leper and Genetrix. By FRANCOIS MAURIAC. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 9s.

Hide and Seek. By EGON HOSTOVSKY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

A Burnt Child. By STIG DAGERMAN. *Chatto & Windus.* 9s. 6d.

The Gradual Day. By ROBERT NICOLSON. *Constable.* 9s. 6d.

No reviewer in his senses approaches François Mauriac with feelings other than respect. It does not need the testimonials on the dust cover to ensure that; five pages of Gerard Hopkins's good translation is enough to remind him that this writer, whether or not he turns out to be a master, has mastery of his craft, depth of feeling, and the ability to hold a reader almost against his will by his talent for telling a story. He is, in fact, a born novelist, which cannot be said for any of the other authors under review. But the cautious approach is essential if one is to make any valid assessment of these two short novels, *A Kiss for the Leper* and *Genetrix*. Is this just a first-rate book of its time, destined to fade imperceptibly and vanish, or is it one to which the years will give a deeper, more general application than could the generation for whom it was written? The testimonials do not help—"Unrivalled by any living novelist in any country," "Perhaps the greatest living European novelist," "Overwhelmingly superior to ninety-five per cent. of other novelists at work to-day"—all very possibly true; yet obdurately the question remains.

For there is no doubt about his gifts; nor, for that matter, about his defects. *A Kiss for the Leper*, the story of a poor girl dutifully submitting to marriage with a misshapen, backward young man, the "Leper" of the title, is open to criticism on several scores, which add up to the taste the book leaves of a slightly contrived unpleasantness:

> The heat had turned the pudding. One of the crayfish smelled bad. The ice-cream was running and had melted to a mess of yellow cream. The flies preferred to be crushed rather than abandon the dishes of pastry, and fat women were suffering tortures of constriction in their tight clothes. Patches of sweat remorselessly stained the fabric of their bodices.

So much of the same thing since 1922, when the book was first published, has made us suspicious of such descriptions, exact though they may be. It would matter less did it not also emphasise the weakness of the plot, which pursues its grim course with no relief for characters or reader, as if the author were determined to prove at all costs the sinfulness and misery of human dealings. Plenty of champions could be found to champion Mauriac against a charge of flesh-denying Puritanism; yet that is the final impression I carry away from this story. The criticism of morality and social behaviour, the awful picture of life in the Landes country, seem unimportant beside the author's remorseless denial to Noémie, the wretched bride, of any consolation or satisfaction for the sacrifices she has tried to make.

Genetrix is, by comparison, completely successful. It is about a mother-dominated middle-aged baby, Fernand Cazenave, who marries a sardonic and impoverished girl in a burst of loveless passion. The novel is not concerned with their married life—Mathilde is dying after a miscarriage when the book opens—but deals with the effect of her death on mother and son. The passing of this unloved creature, which seems for Madame Cazenave to signal the final return of the old regime, is in fact the cause of its break-up. Fernand learns the meaning of love for the first time, and in a strange, flickering way even his mother comes near to learning; but it is death, not life, that activates their spirits, and in one form or another death claims them. With her it is death hopeless and unredeemed; Fernand, we feel, has perhaps suffered a change of heart, symbolised by the return of the old servant whom he had driven out. The book is as relentless, as full of "sick creatures" (in Mauriac's phrase) as its predecessor. The background of peasants and peasant-farmers is if anything more firmly established. Yet the feeling it arouses is not revulsion, but pity. Using to the full his superb command of the narrative flow, of speed in telling and economy in description, Mauriac constructs a world that convinces and engages the reader, whatever his nationality or religion. The terrible fate of the Cazenaves is interpreted in their own terms. You are not asked to accept the morality by which they are judged, but simply to recognise that it is a judgment, and a moral one. As a result, you are free to enter sympathetically into what may well be a wholly alien pattern of living, without the necessity for protest or reservation at crucial moments.

On these grounds, I believe Mauriac to be an enduring writer. Like *Oedipus Rex* and *Wuthering Heights*, to take two vastly different forerunners, *Genetrix* gives its reader a profound and valid interpretation of the nature of things. When Mauriac fails, as he does in *A Kiss for the Leper*, one sees immediately the perils of his method and material; it is then perhaps not improper to wish that he might sometimes branch out into more unlikely fields, rather as the Prince Regent's librarian suggested to Jane Austen that she might try an historical romance dealing with the fortunes of the House of Coburg. An absurd suggestion, naturally; but still, one sees his point.

The other books in this list suffer alarmingly from the lack of that moral standard which runs as a backbone through Mauriac's work. The Czech author Egon Hostovsky comes off best: his two short novels have an intensity which is both imaginative and firmly grounded. The second one, *The Black Band*, is a genuine re-creation of childhood, though the parallel of children growing up lawless during a war and their elders running amok because of it is hardly startling. Stig Dagerman's *A Burnt Child*, on the other hand, almost defies criticism. It is the literary equivalent of a very slow, very bad Swedish film, where the simplest actions are invested with a portentousness which would have dismayed the House of Ussher. It constantly drowns its own merits (a feeling for character and

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a certain skill in narration) by lapsing into a sort of high-class baby-talk whenever the tension has mounted to freezing-point:

> So the son goes out to speak to his fiancée. He likes talking to his fiancée on the telephone very much, because then he can make his voice so warm, and he can blow his warmth into her cold ear. Then her voice too gets warm. On the telephone they are both warm.

Finally, Robert Nicolson's first novel, *The Gradual Day*, a tragic idyll of the love of a young student for a middle-aged woman. In spite of some self-consciousness in the writing, this has a neatness and promise which recommend it; but again one feels the lack of a code of ethics, or even a strongly-held intellectual creed, to which the author could unqualifiedly subscribe. After a plunge into the Mauriac universe, one feels less inclined to shrug away a moral vacuum.

FRANK HAUSER

TREES

The Triumph of the Tree. By JOHN STEWART COLLIS. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Collis's subject is the relationship between men and trees, first in nature, subsequently in the artifact which man has made of the world. There is a balance and an order in nature by means of which that vast organism which is life as a whole, composed of soil, water, air, plants and animals, is kept in working order; the interests of the diverse specific elements are reconciled, true at some cost in pain to species and individuals, for the general good. But man, arrogating to himself proprietary rights in the rest of creation, upsets the balance. He kills his fellow animals and insects, ploughs the grasslands, cuts down the trees. For a time the results are gaudy, sometimes admirable: but only for a time:

> We can do a great deal to upset the equilibrium, but the balance will always be eventually restored —at our expense.

Civilised man has upset the balance of nature in scores of ways; Mr. Collis touches on a number of them, but his first concern is with the consequences of man's changing attitude to trees. To primitive, and even to early civilised man, trees were an object of religious veneration and regarded as guardians of fertility. As such they became the subject of a vast, complex, subtle and beautiful mythology, to which the author devotes 110 pages. They are pages well bestowed: in them the tree mythology is presented as what one might call the ecological instrument of our remote ancestors, by means of which they expressed the felt relationship between Man and the other elements of Life as a whole.

Grown powerful, man grew arrogant: requiring living room for his increasing numbers and for the crops to support them, he cut down the trees. With the disappearance or reduction of forests, rainfall was reduced or disadvantageously redistributed. Soil erosion by flood and wind followed, the creation of arid deserts. The process continues: in North America alone the annual loss of fertile soil—and it is a total loss—is equal to 73,000 forty-acre farms.

In a style which is agreeably intimate and direct without being tiresomely chummy or colloquial, at worst exclamatory, at best movingly lyrical, Mr. Collis argues for a return, in modern, intelligent terms, to something of the ancient reverence for trees, for the natural equilibrium. Tree-lover, he makes his plea in the interests of the races of men, not of trees: man cannot survive except as an element of the natural order, keeping a fair place in a balanced economy: for man is flesh, and flesh is grass and grass is soil, and the anti-Orphic, anti-Dionysian haters of flesh and lovers of soul, or mind for that matter, have brought us near to extinction by starvation. Soil is a consumable commodity: its principal conservators are grass and trees. Plough up the grass, cut down the trees, and the soil blows or is washed away. It has happened, is happening and absolutely must cease to happen.

Mr. Collis's demonstrations are those of a scientist, his documentation that of a scholar, his manner that of an artist. The combination gives his book an impressive impact: the reader feels impelled to emulate Beckford, and cause to be planted, in one lifetime, a million trees.

EDWARD HYAMS

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. HAYDN: No. 103, E flat major ("Drum Roll") (LPO/Solti. AX333-5). What a wonderful symphony this is! How perfectly these last works of Haydn illustrate the fecundity and resourcefulness of his genius! I have never heard the Andante, which is in Haydn's humorous, cloak-and-dagger manner, more nimbly and expressively played. Georg Solti, whom I suspect of being one of the best conductors alive, gets the last ounce of precision out of the LPO, which gives an inspired performance. The recording, too, is masterly. SIBELIUS: No. 6, D minor, Op 104 (RPO/Beecham. DB-6640-2). This symphony comes from Sibelius's inner sanctuary, and for admirers of his genius it has a central importance. A northern landscape, painted in white and many tones of grey. I have nothing but praise for the recording and on the whole for the performance, but I could wish Sir Thomas had taken the Finale a shade more briskly, so as to enhance the stillness of the Coda.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. BARTOK: Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta (Los Angeles Chamber Sym/Byrns. CK5100/3). One of Bartok's most important works, a superb piec of composition, full of extraordinary and fascinating sonorities. The Adagio, with its skeletal opening, is as frightening as a haunted house. The performance is resolute and full-bodied in tone, the recording excellent. MOZART: *Serenade —Eine kleine Nachtmusik* (Vienna Phil/Karajan. LX1293-4). On the whole I am inclined to think that, where none is perfect, this is the best available version. The string band is of course much heavier than the composer can have envisaged, but the playing is beautifully light and affectionate in tone. Recording not impeccable, but adequate. WAGNER: *Siegfried Idyll* (Philharmonia Orch/Kletzki. LX1296-7). Well conducted, thoroughly workmanlike; woodwind excellent; but the string tone is really too meagre for this of all pieces. Vienna Phil/Furtwängler set preferred. BORODIN: *Prince Igor*—Overture and Polovtsi March (Philharmonia Orch/Dobrowen. C3979-80). A splendidly vital recording, better managed than the Beecham set and no less well played. The coupling, too, seems more sensible. BIZET: Suite from *Carmen* (LPO/Collins. AK2352-4). The great merit of this suite is that, apart from a couple of short passages, it avoids the more boisterous music which, outside the theatre, is tedious to listen to. In fact, every moment is a joy, and the performance and recording deserve top marks.

Chamber Music, Piano, Organ. BEETHOVEN: Violin Sonata, C minor, Op. 30, No. 2 (Rostal/

Company Meeting

MARKS & SPENCER

LARGER TURNOVER & PROFIT

THE twenty-fourth annual general meeting of Marks and Spencer, Limited, was held on Thursday, June 29, in London.

In the course of his speech Sir Simon Marks, D.Sc. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director) stated: Net profits amounted to £2,121,102 (£1,843,335 last year). Provision for Taxation required £2,530,000 (£2,350,000 last year). The amount available for distribution is £4,814,976, including the carry forward from last year of £2,593,874.

A final dividend of 45 per cent. on Ordinary and "A" Ordinary shares is proposed which, with the interim dividend of 15 per cent. already paid, would make the total distribution 60 per cent. as last year, absorbing £713,925. £50,000 is again appropriated to the Staff Benevolent and Pensions Fund. The carry forward will be £3,971,401—an increase of £1,377,527.

It is proposed to make a distribution of one "A" Ordinary share in respect of every 44 Ordinary and/or "A" Ordinary share as held on May 20, 1950.

During and since the war, we set aside sums totalling £772,000 as a provision for Deferred Repairs. We have expended to date £637,000, and the balance of £135,000 will be used during the current year; each year thereafter will bear its full cost of maintenance.

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Exports.—Export business is but a small percentage of our total business. We are making efforts to develop our sales to the hard currency countries.

GENERAL SURVEY

The rise in profits was due to greater turnover. Sales expanded by 20 per cent. compared with the previous year. We were able to offer, for the first time since the outbreak of war, a more varied and extensive range of goods. Our business benefited by the termination of coupon rationing and public confidence in the goods we sell.

While production grows, prices are mounting steadily due to the increased cost of imported raw materials largely caused by the devaluation of sterling. These higher costs are only partially reflected in current retail prices. The full impact has still to come. Continued rise in retail prices may bring with it the danger of consumer resistance, with harmful consequences to all those concerned with production and distribution.

The key to this problem is greater productivity and increased efficiency in manufacture and distribution.

Before the war we centralised in our own hands the purchase of the major proportion of the cloth used by our garment manufacturers in order to establish improved standards and specifications; this continues to be our policy. Basic fabrics are converted by our Printing and Designing Departments into an extensive variety of garments, in original prints and attractive styles.

NEW DEPARTMENTS

We established a Merchandise Development Department in 1936 to investigate and follow through developments in the textile field which bear on the quality and value of our goods.

Our organisation is specially adapted to test the practical value of new processes and materials. We can thus take advantage of any new and desirable developments in this field, with benefit to our public.

We set up recently a Development Department concerned with the quality of the foodstuffs we sell and with the composition and purity of the raw materials used. Our aim is to provide good quality foodstuffs which are wholesome and palatable, and I am glad to say that the public is showing its appreciation of our efforts. Cleanliness and hygiene in food preparation and handling are constantly presented as a social responsibility to our suppliers of food products and to our staff.

Our development departments are headed by highly qualified scientists and technicians, who have at their disposal up-to-date laboratories. We are satisfied that the work they have initiated has already led to a marked improvement in much of our merchandise.

Our suppliers bring to us the results of their own experiments and experience. In this way a pool of knowledge and technique is created to which all contribute and from which all draw. I take this opportunity of thanking them for their most active and friendly co-operation in the past year.

STAFF AND WELFARE

The well-being of staff is of great importance in the conduct of our business, as it generates a spirit of service and of loyalty. We are proud of the fact that most of the higher and responsible positions in our Company are held by men and women risen from the ranks.

Our Welfare Department embraces a wide field. Our expenditure on welfare during the past year was nearly £400,000, a figure which does not include the contributions of the Company to the Pensions Scheme and the Benevolent Fund.

A happy and a loyal staff is a priceless asset to a business, and I know that you will wish to join me in extending to all our staff our thanks for their devoted services.

The Report and Accounts were adopted. Allotment Letters in respect of the bonus issue will be posted on July 21 next.

Osborn. AK2356-9). A most efficient, vigorous performance, but lacking the impressive drive and authority of the Schneiderhan/Wührer set (Col). And in the Finale I miss each time the E flat in the triplet which forms part of the theme. The recording level is unusually high and there is some distortion. CHOPIN: Scherzo No. 1, B minor, Op 20 (Moiseiwitsch. C3981). I feel that this wonderful piece should be less heavily pedalled, the quavers played more staccato, and fewer liberties taken with the rhythm. But that is a very personal opinion and many people will certainly admire the style and brilliance of Moiseiwitsch's rendering. There is nothing slovenly or eccentric here, such as marred his recent set of the Preludes. The recording deals very capably both with the strenuous athletics of the main body and with the sustained melody of the middle section. I recommend this version as now the best available, since the old Rubinstein record, though better played, is very tinny. CHOPIN: *Trois Nouvelles Etudes* ("d'après la méthode de Moscheles et de Fétis"); Waltz, D flat major, Op 64, No. 1 (Cortot. DB21070). The beauty of Cortot's touch remains unimpaired, but anybody who knows these pieces will, I should think, be dismayed by the absence of so many notes, by the desperate unevenness of the left-hand arpeggios in the F minor Etude, by the smudging of the mordaunts in the D flat major Etude, and by the extraordinary scrimmage (plus an unauthorised chord) at the end of the Waltz. BACH: Prelude and Fugue, E minor (Germani. C3984-5); BACH: Toccata, F major (E. Power Biggs. DX 1664); FRANCK: *Cantabile* (Demessieux. K2360.) As once before, I feel it necessary to protest in the strongest terms against the modern fashion of playing Bach's organ works. It is not that the first two of the above issues are badly recorded—they are not—but the quality of the sound is so consistently loud and unpleasing that the ear longs for silence. If you ask me how these Toccatas and Fugues are to be played so that the nature of the music be preserved and (at the same time) the counterpoint be not smothered in a welter of noise, I cannot (being no organist) tell you. But I feel pretty sure that Bach, who cared above all for clarity, did not play them like this, or imagine that they would ever be so played. The style of Jeanne Demessieux, on the other hand, seems to me a possible pointer in the right direction. Admittedly, Franck's quiet meditation (No. 2 of the Three Pieces for organ) does not of course present the same problems as a Bach Toccata; but the player's exquisite and lucid registration might with advantage be studied by organists who on the slightest provocation are tempted to let loose a herd of bellowing diapasons.

Vocal. WAGNER: *Der Engel* and *Stehe still* (Flagstad. DB6841). Ditto (Höngen. LX1282). Mme Flagstad's imperturbably beautiful, unforced tones do full justice to these fine songs. Compared with her rendering, Elisabeth Höngen's is rather monotonously sombre. DEBUSSY: *Ballade No. 2; La Grotte; Mandoline* (Souzay Paris Conservatoire Lindenburg. K2333). Debussy's settings of Villon are among the most moving songs of modern times. I prefer them in the piano version, because it accords better with the intimate nature of the poems, and in this form Bernac and Poulenc have recorded them perfectly (H.M.V.). The composer's scoring alters the whole effect of the songs, although they remain extremely beautiful. On the other hand, *La Grotte* (which is the same as No. 1 of *Le Promenoir des Deux Amants*) and *Mandoline* are seriously spoilt by Louis Beydts's indiscreetly elaborate orchestration. Gérard Souzay sings all three songs with a melting delicacy of tone and feeling and, although the balance is not ideal, the recording is most agreeable. SCHUBERT: *An die Musik* and *Der Musensohn* (Ferrier. M625). Being one of those who prefer Kathleen Ferrier in German rather than in English or other music, I find this disc very satisfying. She has exactly caught the spirit of these famous songs and the recording serves her faithfully. BISHOP: *Bid me Discourse*, and BOYCE: *Tell me Lovely Shepherd* (Ritchie. C3983). These delicious melodies are ideally suited to Margaret Ritchie's liquid tones and impeccable style (what other singer to-day can boast a perfect shake?). The piano tone and balance are exemplary. Do not miss this record. WOLF: *In der Frühe* and *Die ihr schwebet* (Nielsen. B9916). A not altogether happy example of Flora Nielsen's distinguished art. In *In der Frühe* she does not achieve the wonderful changes of colour which are so remarkable in Elisabeth Schumann's record of the song. *Die ihr schwebet* ought to go more trippingly; and surely it is a mistake to make a *rallentando* in the very first phrase! TCHAIKOVSKY: *At the ball* and *The Gypsy* (Mascia Predit. DA1941). This admirable soprano unites expressive power to a fine, round tone and a flexible technique. It is to be hoped that we shall have a whole series of Russian songs from her. Meanwhile, Mme Predit's qualities may be judged by *The Gypsy*, a not very interesting song which she manages to fill with character. In *At the Ball* the singer appears over-anxious lest we miss the poignancy of the poetic idea. Yet this haunting song (one of Tchaikovsky's best) makes its effect with the minimum of emphasis, as anyone knows who has heard the pre-electric record by Sobinov. Although it is sung in French, I prefer Gérard Souzay's rendering (Decca) to Mme. Predit's. MOZART: *Die Entführung*—"Wer ein Liebchen" (Act 1); "O wie will ich triumphiren" (Act 3) (Weber. LB96). As usual, Ludwig Weber sings in good style, but I wonder whether the florid passage at the end of the second aria, though no doubt intended to be comic, ought to sound quite so clumsy. VERDI: *Don Carlo*—"O don fatale"; *Il Trovatore*—"Stride la vampa" (Stignani. R30018). One of Mme Stignani's best records—a splendidly full-blooded piece of Verdi singing. These are now by far the best available versions of both arias. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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[*H.M.V.*: DB, DA, C, B. *Columbia*: LX, LB, DX, DB. *Decca*: X and AX, K and AK, M *Capitol*: CK. *Parlophone*: R, RO, E.]

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1064

Set by J. B. Roderic

The Columbia University Press has completed a poll of the ten most boring classics in the world. The results, in order of unpopularity, were: Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress;* Melville's *Moby Dick;* Milton's *Paradise Lost;* Spenser's *Faerie Queene;* Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson;* Richardson's *Pamela;* Eliot's *Silas Marner;* Scott's *Ivanhoe;* Cervantes's *Don Quixote;* and Goethe's *Faust*. The usual prizes are offered for the best replies, in not more than 150 words, from any of the above authors to the Columbia University Press. Entries by July 18.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,061

Set by Dennis Yates

In his book on Logan Pearsall Smith, Robert Gathorne-Hardy mentions Pearsall Smith's delight in boasting, and describes a boasting party he held, at which a silver cream jug was awarded to the boast which was acclaimed the most excellent. Gathorne-Hardy himself scored a near miss with his claim, when a child, to have given ringworm to a high dignitary of the church, but the prize was unanimously voted to the young lady who had a certificate of her virginity signed by the Pope. The subtlety of a good boast lies in departing *only* so far from the truth as to run no chance—or practically no chance—of being believed. The usual prizes are offered for the best set of three such boasts.

Report on Week-end Competition No. 1061

Quite a proportion of the large entry fell between the stools of truth and fiction, and I have—in more than one case reluctantly—passed over what I believed. If some truth has gatecrashed into my selection, it is of such a high degree of improbability that it deserved to. And as I have rejected the probable because it is seldom entertaining, so I have spurned Munchausen-like entertainment on the grounds that it trespasses too far from the improbable into the impossible. My view is that it was a difficult competition. I expected—and found—few entries in which all three boasts qualified. There may well be better individual boasts than the three original entries of J. F. P. and the three quoted by Guy Innes, but no one else produced more than one for my twenty-five-strong short list. I should like to have done more than commend Hugh Jenkins' claim to have kindled the spark of relativity in Einstein and D. E. C. Cave's to have drawn Marx's attention to the importance of the economic factor in history. But in both cases the claim was disputed, albeit less cogently. To continue the report would be pleasing to the setter, but I am sure not so diverting to the reader as to include an extra couple of entries. Two guineas to J. F. P., one guinea to Guy Innes, half guineas to the next six published.

At the National Gallery:

"Of course this cleaning business cuts both ways. When I had finished distempering the rear wall of the Sistine Chapel the Pope said it was much improved."

In the Political Corner of the Saloon Bar:

"So I said to Schuman, I said, 'Look!' I said 'What you want to do is plan in a big way. Integrate, it's the big unit what pays. Now if you got all your neighbours to pool their iron and steel. . . .'"

At the Wedding:

"Yes, a charming couple. I have slept with both of them." J. F. P.

I am the master of my fate.—W. E. Henley (*Invictus*).

Behold, what a dust do I raise!—The Fly on the Chariot-wheel, as reported by Aesop.

Donated to the Borough by Alderman Charles Bloop, Mayor, 1890. "The sea is His, and He made it".—Inscription on metal plates affixed to seats at seaside resort. GUY INNES

It was said of the late Baron Rothschild, the Banker friend of Edward VII, that he detested boasters.

Walking down Piccadilly one day, he met an acquaintance, who wore a tie pin of unusual stone. The man tried hard to make an impression, and drew

attention to the stone. Rothschild gazed at it with the eye of a connoisseur. "Ah yes," he said, "Quite good, I have a mantelpiece of the same material."
W. J. GOLDSBY

I have cross-bred coconuts and barrow boys and now they sell themselves.
DR. LEON M. SHIRLAW

My wife never feels the need even to look at another man.
L. V. BEHARRELL

I remember the second time I climbed Kilimanjaro . . .
A. B. H

I never cut my toenails; I bite them.
DOROTHY WRIGHT

"Churchill had heard of my magazine and indicated he would be grateful if I could see my way to give him a little puff once in a while."
WM. SAVAGE

Superba Pictures Inc. claim that their new star—Xavier Swoon—a test-tube baby incidentally—is the best-dressed man in Hollywood. His appearance, claim Superba in their latest release, is as immaculate as his conception.
A. P.

LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGOGERYCHWYONDNBURLUANTYSDIOGOGOGOCH, ANGLESEY

Dear Sir,—

My name is Idris Morgan ap Tudor Jones and because I work in the post office I am called Jones The Post and I am Welsh you know. Many years ago, to my shame, but then to prove my initiative like to the examiners for the Diploma of the S.P.R.O.S.T.I.P.R. (Society of Public Relations Officers for Seaside Town and Inland Pleasure Resorts), I added an "og" to the name of this village (which was formerly Llanfairpwllgwyngogerychwyondnburluantysdiogoch and in danger of *not* being the longest in Great Britain), but I have been punished for my wickedness as now, in addition to being Public Relations Officer, I am deputy sub-postmaster and I have to write the flaming thing on every telegram whatever.
H. E. B.

In the autumn of 1914 in my capacity as night porter at the Hotel Cecil, I cleaned a considerable amount of snow from the boots of a Russian Colonel-General.
A. M. B.

CHESS: Pawn-snatching

No. 44

Who of us could put his hand on his heart and plead "Not Guilty" of injudicious pawn-snatching? We have all done it, we have paid the penalty, and we shall do it again. I think it was Geza Maroczy who said that, however wary a good player may be in accepting any gift-horse—or a gift-bishop for that matter, to say nothing of gift-rook or a gift-queen—"they always grab a pawn." Maroczy may well have remembered his own game against Alekhine who, in this position could not resist the temptation of winning another pawn by Q-B8 ch, followed by Q x P. He thought that after Maroczy's Q-Q7 ch, K-Kt3 would be quite safe. This, in fact, was Alekhine's sealed move. They adjourned for lunch and when they were about to resume Maroczy addressed his opponent with this little speech. "When you were one pawn up you had an advantage; when you were two pawns up you had a theoretical win; as soon as you're three pawns up I'll have a draw." Promptly he proved it by playing P-Q5, whereupon the pawn had to be taken and even an Alekhine could not avoid perpetual check.

Here—Sanz-Skalicka, Prague, 1931—is another example of crime and punishment. Black played B-Q2, and White "snatched" at once by B x P, followed by R x B. With a P up and the enemy B pinned, it must have seemed to him the very dream of a good position, but he was rudely awakened by P-K5. He saw now that he must lose at least the exchange. Of course he lost the endgame, and quite deservedly, too.

As yet another warning for pawn-snatchers, here is a little game, not exactly a master-piece, but quite instructive. It was won by Kuhlmann in 1935.

(1) Kt-KB3	P-Q4	(10) O-O	KtxBP?
(2) P-QKt3	B-B4	(11) R-B1	Kt-Q5
(3) B-Kt2	Kt-QB3	(12) KtxKt	PxKt
(4) P-Q3	P-KB3	(13) B-Kt5 ch	P-B3
(5) QKt-Q2	P-K4	(14) RxP !	PxR
(6) P-K4	PxP	(15) BxP ch	K-K2
(7) PxP	B-Kt3	(16) B-R3 ch	K-K3
(8) B-QB4	Kt-KR3	(17) Q-B4 ch	K-K4
(9) Q-K2	Kt-QKt5 ?	(18) P-B4 mate	

It would be interesting to see how readers have either suffered or administered the penalty for pawn-snatching. Such contributions, if and when used, will be duly rewarded, but they have no bearing on this week's competition—three studies, one of which is very easy, while one is by no means as easy as it looks and seems to me fully to deserve the 6 points I rated it. As a broad hint I will merely say this that stalemates occur even on sparsely populated boards.

A: K. Junker, 1949

B: P. Kahl, 1948

C: O. Dehle, 1908

A: White to move and draw (5 points).

B: White to move and win (4 points).

C: White to move and win (6 points).

Usual prizes. Entries by July 17.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 17

A: (1) P-R4 ch, K-R4, (2) P-Kt4 ch, K- Q4, (3) P-R4 ch K-K4, (4) P-Q4 ch, K-B4, (5) P-K4 ch, etc.

B: (1) B-Kt2, R-QKt6, (2) B-B3, B-Q7, (3) B-Q4, P-K6, (4) B-K5, B-B1, (5) B-B6, B-K4, (6) BxB, K-K3, (7) B-Kt2, R-QKt8, (8) B-B3, etc.

These two studies were evidently too simple. Relatively few failures and scores of correct solutions. Prizes shared by P. Chutney, J. M. Reid, J. A. Russ, A. Rutherford, G. Watson.

In the points competition, with the leaders well in the nineties, the decision should be reached next week. After the subsequent "100 up" (with the first winners handicapped as previously announced) I will propose a change. The majority of correspondents, so far, favour some sort of a ladder system. So, unless I get a sudden counterblast from an Opposition majority, a ladder system it shall be. I'll try to think of a good one. Meanwhile I shall welcome any further practical suggestions from competitors.
ASSIAC

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Professor of Psychiatry and Director of Psychiatric Clinical Services. Applications are invited for the combined position of Professor of Psychiatry in the University of Sydney and Director of Psychiatric Clinical Services in the State Mental Hospitals, New South Wales. Salary £2,000-£2,500 (Australian) per annum according to qualifications and experience. Applicants should be registered medical practitioners with post-graduate qualifications in psychological medicine, and have had extensive experience in the practice of psychiatry. Preference will be given to applicants with teaching experience in a Medical School of a recognised University. Apart from his professorial duties and functions the successful applicant will be required to undertake the general supervisory control of clinical treatment in State Mental hospitals and psychiatric institutes. In this sphere he will be entirely free from administrative responsibility and will be aided by an Assistant Director and a Neuropathologist, both of whom will be appointed subsequently and he will be a member of the Appointments Committee for these positions. Furthermore, the Government will construct, equip and maintain a Neuropsychiatric clinic to serve as the basic unit in an organisation designed to meet both University and State Government requirements. The successful applicant's advice will be sought with regard to the planning of this clinic. The successful applicant will not be required to assume the duties of Professor of Psychiatry in the University of Sydney until April, 1951, so that from date of appointment until then, his services will be confined to the exercise of his functions as Director of Psychiatric Clinical Services. There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close with the undersigned on August 31, 1950. W. H. Maze, Registrar, University of Sydney, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast. Applications are invited for a Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Government and a Lecturer in Phonetics. Salaries as follows: Senior Lecturer £1,000 × £40—£1,350 p.a. (expatriation allowance £300—£405 p.a.); Lecturer, £450 × £30—£1,000 p.a. (expatriation allowance £150—£300 p.a.); point of entry being determined by qualifications and experience. Family allowance of £50 per child per annum (maximum £150 p.a.). F.S.S.U. Partly furnished residential accommodation at rent of not more than 10 per cent. of salary. Free passages for members of staff and wives on appointment, normal retirement and annual vacation in the United Kingdom. Applications (six copies) with the names of three referees should be sent to the Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, 1 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Closing date August 15, 1950.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry (University of London). There will be a vacancy for a Lecturer in Psychology on 1.10.50. The Lecturer will take part in the supervision of post-graduate students receiving training in clinical psychology, and will be particularly responsible for clinical and other work in the field of educational psychology. Candidates should state their special qualifications and/or experience in educational psychology, as well as in other relevant subjects. The salary scale is £600 × 50—£1,150 with a merit bar at £800. Qualifications and experience will determine the starting salary. F.S.S.U. and Family Allowance. Applications should be sent not later than July 15, 1950, to the Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5, from whom further particulars and application forms may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for the following posts of Lecturers: 1. Lecturer in Chemistry (The candidate's main subject should be Physical Chemistry, preferably with experience in Colloid Chemistry). 2. Lecturer in Biology. (The candidate's qualifications should be mainly on the zoological side with ecological experience.) Salaries will be within the scale £550 to £1,100 with F.S.S.U. privileges and children's allowances. Initial salaries will depend upon qualifications and experience. Candidates appointed will be required to reside in College houses on the estate, and will be required to join their posts on January 1, 1951. The last date for the receipt of applications is July 15. Applic. forms and further information from Registrar, University College of North Staffordshire, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent.

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited from women, preferably African or West Indian, for the post of Organiser of Adult Education for Women. Experience in women's organisations or voluntary social work is essential; qualifications in social studies, arts and crafts, or literature are highly desirable. Candidates must be prepared to travel widely. Salary will be on the scale £350 × £15—£520, entry according to qualifications and experience. Partly furnished residential accommodation at rent of not more than 5% of salary. Applications (three copies) with testimonials, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University College of the Gold Coast, 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1, before July 22, 1950.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

THE University of Birmingham. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for two Resident Organising Tutorships in (a) Wolverhampton and District, (b) South and East Birmingham. Appointments in Grade II (£550—£1,100) or Grade III (£400—£500); initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Candidates must have a good Honours Degree; qualifications in History, Philosophy, Social Sciences or Economics preferred, but others not excluded. Further particulars from the undersigned, to whom applications (8 copies), together with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than July 15, 1950. D. R. Dudley, Extra-Mural Dept., The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Lecturers in Chemistry. There are vacancies for a senior lecturer in Applied and Industrial Chemistry and for a lecturer in Organic Chemistry. Experience in chemical industry or chemical engineering would be an additional recommendation for the senior lectureship in applied and industrial chemistry. The salary scale for a senior lecturer is £800 × £40—£1,000 per annum and for a lecturer £550 × £25—£800 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance; at present £208 per annum for a married man and £57 for a single person. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience, qualifications and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained) not later than August 15, 1950. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date.

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the following appointments:—(1) One Resident Tutor to specialise in Trade Union Studies. (2) Two Resident Tutors to specialise in Economics (preferably Agricultural), Modern History or Political Institutions including Local Government. (3) An Editor to be responsible for the production of discussion pamphlets and handbooks on West African affairs. Editorial experience and literary ability essential. Knowledge of West African background highly desirable. Applicants should be prepared to travel widely; experience in adult education desirable but not essential. Salaries:—£450 × £30—£1,000 p.a. (expatriation allowance £150—£300 p.a.), point of entry being determined by qualifications and experience. Family allowance £50 p.a. per child (maximum £150 p.a.). F.S.S.U. Part furnished residential accommodation at rent of not more than 10% of salary. Free passages for members of staff and wives on appointment, normal retirement and annual vacation in United Kingdom. Applications (six copies) with the names of three referees should be sent to the Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, 1 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1, from whom further information may be obtained. Closing date July 22, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited from persons with qualifications in Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics or Statistics for a Lectureship in the Department of Mathematics. The salary scale is £550 × £25—£800 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance; at present £208 per annum for a married man and £57 for a single person. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience, qualifications and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained), not later than August 31, 1950. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondesbosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date.

MONMOUTHSHIRE Education Committee. Ashley House Youth and Community Centre, Pontnewydd. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Ashley House Youth & Community Centre, Pontnewydd. This Is a new Centre and the person appointed will be expected to undertake the initial organisation Applicants should be over 28 years of age and must possess a good Honours Degree or a Social Science Diploma and should have experience in Community Centre work. Salary will be as follows:—Men—£300 × £15 to £555, Women—£270 × £12 to £444. Additions may be made to this scale depending on the qualifications of the applicant. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the undersigned at the Education Department, County Hall, Newport, Mon. C. E. Gittins, Director of Education.

BRITISH Oxygen Co., Ltd., require a female Technical Abstractor for their Patent Dept. Applicants should be 20 to 28 years of age, with a degree in Chemistry, Physics as a subsidiary, and a knowledge of technical German and French. This post offers good opportunities. Write, giving full particulars of age, education, career and salary required, to the Director of Personnel, Dept. F., Bridgewater House, Cleveland Row, St. James', S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

ROYAL Navy. Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from University graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Commissions in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are for officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, or Metallurgy), or Engineering. Commissions will be granted for periods of 3, 4 or 5 years, and, after 2 years' service, opportunities will be afforded for officers to be transferred to the Permanent List. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £328 in their first year's service, £347 in second year, £438 in third and fourth years, £474 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £237 in first year, £319 in second and third years, £347 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided for all and fourth years. Married Officers if aged 25 or over normally receive marriage allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An initial outfit allowance of £103 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous naval service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 4. Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, Superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 5. Apply to Director (P), Education Department, Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details and application forms.

COUNTY of Leicester. (Re-advertisement.) Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant in charge of the School Estates Section in the Education Department of the Council. Common sense, accuracy, ability to deal with people and with new situations, and familiarity with the needs of schools are essential. Knowledge of Ministry of Education Building Regulations and of the procedure for acquisition of sites, and administrative experience in matters connected with repairs and maintenance of premises, or, alternatively, successful teaching experience would be an additional qualification. Salary in accordance with the National Scheme of Conditions of Service, A.P.T. Grade VI (£590—£600), or Grade VII (£635-£710) according to qualifications and experience. Consideration will be given to registered disabled persons. Applications should be sent not later than July 17, 1950, to the Director of Education, County Offices, Grey Friars, Leicester, accompanied by the names of three referees and one testimonial. The post is superannuable and successful applicants will be required to pass a medical examination. John A. Chatterton, Clerk of the Council.

MARTINS (Dyers & Cleaners), Ltd., of Apperley Bridge, Nr. Bradford, invite applications for the position of Personnel Officer. Commencing salary offered from £450—£600 according to qualifications and ability. Applicants must possess Diploma in Social Studies or equivalent, or higher qualification, and must have had two years' post-graduate experience of work in this field or similar. Write, stating age and full details of education, qualifications and exp. to Personnel Manager.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Psychologists (two) required for whole- or part-time duties. Child Guidance training essential. (a) Senior, with experience in lecturing, mainly for educational work. Salary £800. (b) Assistant—for some clinic and some educative work. Salary £500-£560 according to experience. Applic. to General Secretary, National Assoc. for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1, as soon as possible.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (male) required at St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. Salary £340-£390 p.a. if qualified. Applications from unqualified Therapists may be considered. Salary £290-£340. Conditions of service are laid down by the Joint Negotiating Committee. The post, which is non-resident, will be subject to the provisions of the National Health Service Superannuation Regulations and the passing of a medical examination. No house available. Applications giving full details of age, experience, etc., with the names of two referees, should be forwarded within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement to the Physician Superintendent.

EDUCATION Organiser, full time, graduate preferred, required by Sept. 1. Good speaker and experienced in discussion. Salary £300 × £20 to £400 according to experience. Car or motor cycle essential. Forms of application, obtainable from the County Secretary, Gloucestershire Federation of Women's Institutes, 2 Brunswick Sq., Gloucester, to be returned by July 20 with copies 3 recent refs.

ORGANISER for Workers' Educational Association, North of Scotland. Must have exp. in organising and knowledge of W.E.A. work. Salary £400 p.a. Apply W.E.A., 24 Adelphi, Aberdeen, by August 15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

OXFORD University Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Supervisor of Studies to the University Extension Lectures Committee. Salary £900 per annum. Further particulars from the Secretary of the Delegacy, Rewley House, Wellington Sq., Oxford, to whom applications must be sent by July 20.

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Medical Secretary for duty at the Portman Clinic (Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency), 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1. Shorthand and typewriting essential. Previous experience in psychiatric work an advantage. Salary within the Ministry of Health Scales according to age and experience—maximum £308 p.a., plus London weighting. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to be forwarded to the undersigned by July 12.—C. R. Jolly, Secretary, 285 Harrow Rd., W.9.

THE Land Settlement Association have a vacancy for a woman between 25 and 35 to undertake social work on two smallholding estates in Sussex (nr. Chichester). Starting sal. £300. Further partics. and applic. form: Community Service Sec., Land Settlement Assoc., 43 Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.7.

WANTED, Workers for Citizens' Advice Bureaux in Metropolitan Boroughs of London. Candidates should have Social Science Certificate or relevant experience. Salary £150-£350. Voluntary workers also required. Apply, C.A.B. Liaison Officer, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

ORGANISER required by South Eastern District, W.E.A. for work in N.W. Kent. Salary £400-£500 according to qualifications, experience, etc.; closing date for applications July 29. Further particulars and application forms from The District Secretary, W.E.A., 9 New Rd., Chatham, Kent.

WORKERS' Education Association (Western District). Organiser for Bristol required. The Organiser will work in close co-operation with the Bristol Branch of the W.E.A. and will have special responsibility for the development of Trade Union Education in the area. Salary £400, rising to £500. Applications to be submitted by July 29 to the W.E.A. District Secretary, 91 Redland Rd., Bristol, 6, from whom partics. and applic. forms may be obtained.

KENT County Council. Children's Department, Manston Children's Home, Manston, Nr. Ramsgate, Kent. Applications are invited for the following appointments at the Manston Children's Home which it is hoped to open shortly as Cottage Homes for the accommodation of 30 children between the ages of 5 and 15 years: 1 Senior House Mother. Salary within the scale £220 × £15 to £250 a year together with residential emoluments valued at £100 a year. 2 House Mothers. Wages £5 2s. a week less £1 3s. a week in respect of board, lodging and laundry. 3 Assistant House Mothers. Wages £4 16s. a week less £1 3s. a week in respect of board, lodging and laundry if resident. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope and should be returned by July 15, 1950. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent.

YOUTH Club Leaders, part-time, wanted for evening work in mixed clubs, Chislehurst (Kent) and S.W.16 (London) districts. Fees (based on Burnham Scale) and expenses paid. Full particrs. and applic. form may be obtained from the undersigned to whom completed applics. should be sent not later than 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement. James Leonard, Education Secretary, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Rd., Penge, London, S.E.20.

LEADERS, part-time, wanted for Mixed Junior Groups at New Addington (Croydon), and Chislehurst (Kent). Age range 7-11 years (Playways) and 11-14 years (Pathfinders). Groups meet weekly in early evening. Apply by letter, within 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement, to James Leonard, Education Secretary, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Rd., London, S.E.20.

HOUSEMOTHER (experienced) required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Salary £175 p.a. × £15 to £250 p.a., plus full residential emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

HOUSEFATHER (experienced) required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Salary £225 p.a. rising to £300 with full emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

TEACHER (resident) required for observing and organising the educational activities of children who are admitted for a period of two or three weeks to a Reception Centre conducted by the Church of England Children's Society in Balham, preparatory to a final placement. Experience of remedial teaching of backward children an advantage. Member Church of England. For further particulars apply, quoting S. 1 and this publication, to Secretary, Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd., S.E.11.

THE Warden of University House, Victoria Park Sq., London, E.2, reqs. as from Aug. 1, 1950, a Nursery Governess for his two motherless children (boy aged 9 at boarding school, and a girl aged 6 at a day school). The post might interest a younger woman who would give some secretarial assistance in connection with the work of the Settlement. Further partics. on application in writing.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

SPEAKER wanted by Animal Welfare Society. Full-time, able to drive car and speak to children. Secretary, 126 Royal College St., London, N.W.1.

NORTHERN Ireland, Londonderry High School. Required on autumn staff for Sept., 1930, or Jan., 1931, qualified mistress to teach History to all forms. Salary according to Ministry's Scale, with a bonus towards travelling exps. for a suitable candidate from Gt. Britain. Apply immediately to Head Mistress.

ASSISTANT Master required Sept. for Junior House (ages 7-11) of Wester Elchies (Preparatory School for Gordonstoun), Craigellachie, Strathspey. Teviot Scale salary. Applications, with copy testimonials to Headmaster.

REQUIRED in September, a Master or Mistress to undertake some part-time coaching in Physics for Higher School Certificate. Modern laboratories. Payment of travelling expenses considered. Apply to the Head Mistress, Gravesend County Grammar School for Girls.

THOMAS Corran School, Berkhamsted. Herts. An Assistant Matron is required in this co-educational School (170 children) to work with the Boys' Matron. Salary £140 per annum plus board residence. A lady interested in general welfare of children is required but duties include supervision and linen, and repair of clothing. Apply to the Headmaster as soon as possible after the appearance of this advertisement.

ASSISTANT House-mistress reqd. in Sept. for boarding house of 55 girls in independent public school of 250 boarders. Some teaching of junior or middle forms possible. No catering, but responsibility for maids and care of girls. Apply: Headmistress, St. Felix School, Southwold.

WOMAN lecturer wants help with light house work and possibly with care of baby. Two small boys at day school. Independent living. In school holidays freedom and increased accom. 171 Hills Rd., Cambridge.

NURSERY teacher/stud., wanted help with children summer hols., perm. Dr.'s family, Pollock, Bolton Hse., Windmill Hill, N.W.3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADAPTABLE, attractive woman, 39, B.Sc., good Fr., some Germ., Ital., musical, wants interesting job, pref. abroad. Box 7438.

ADVERTISER (27) no longer able to simulate interest in accounts, with no desire to make or sell glossy goods, desires position—pref. dealing with people. Box 7401.

YOUNG Nursery School teacher, Rachel McMillan Diploma, 5 years' experience, seeks interesting London post September. Excellent references. Box 7355.

GENTLEMAN (35) fluent French, German, Spanish, Italian would like job in commercial concern or translation bureau. Experienced correspondent, also varied commercial experience. Box 7618.

YOUNG man, 23, Inter B.Sc. Econ. (Ext.), knowledge Eng. practice, admin., shs., progressive position in industry or commerce, London area pref. Box 7614.

DOMESTIC Science Teacher aged 24, desires temporary employment from Aug. 10-31 inclusive. Preferably residential in small country or seaside hotel. Box 7547.

WOMAN graduate, German. Experienced in teaching, secretarial work housekeeping. Fluent French and English. Keen to travel. Requires suitable post. Box 7658.

YOUNG Woman expd. journalist & all editorial work; political, social, literary & art interests; seeks any interesting post, full- or part-time, offering reasonable remuneration. French & fluent German. Box 7546.

YOUNG French student reqs. post; children's companion, or priv. school etc. Mlle. Caumau, 135, Aven. de Suffren, Paris VII.

ACCOUNTANT-Bookkeeper-Secretary 20 yrs. exp. seeks change, W.E. London area. At present Chief Accountant in large private company. Capable office management, staff control, expert shorthand-typing; legal experience. Highest refs. Box 7498.

SOCIALIST, 36, varied experience Secretarial, business and voluntary organisations seeks work and adequate salary where her organising, managerial ability can be used for creative purposes. Box 7847.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-7gns. (winter terms 3½-5gns.) Phone Hastings 5110.

RIVINGTON Hotel. Modern amenities, gdn. prod. Eggs. Cromwell Rd., Hove 331061.

ISLE of Wight. Guest House by the Sea, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism, optional, fresh water pool) H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation; for ladies and families. Brochure (stamp) from Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde I.O.W.

PALM Bay Hotel—finest position in Clifton-ville. An hotel of distinction & charm, offering every modern comfort & personal service; French chef; fully licensed. Write for brochure to the new owners' Manageress, Miss E. M. Johnson, or telephone Margate 385.

CAPEL Curig. Guest house with modern accom. for 12. H. & C. All conveniences, finely situated on Ogwen Rd. Good centre for hols. in Snowdonia. Brochure: Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. Tel. C.C. 217.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

LAKE District. For those who appreciate exclusiveness, the Universal Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. House produce. Write for booklet.

HAMBLE (Southampton Water, facing I.O.W.) Guest Hse., large yacht anchorage, 2 acres grnds. Own prod. Swimming, etc. Riverside Hotel, Hamble. (Hamble 2150.)

ENGLISH lakes. Comfortable Guest House in delightful surroundings. Good food. Personal attention. Dawson, Birkhead, Troutbeck, Windermere.

OLD Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Club licences. Sharpthorne 17.

UPPER Thames, White Cross Country House Hotel, Wallingford, in 6 acres lovely grounds. H. & C. divan beds. Private bathing & fishing. Sailing, boating, tennis. Tel. 3155.

SUSSEX. Relax in lovely country within reach sea. Comfy beds. Own produce. 3 acres. Ye Where Hotel, Herstem (Easthourne line). Phone: Horsham Rd. 32.

CASTLE Rock Hotel, Mortehoe, Devon. In rolling downs, overlooking sands, coves and Vacancies July. Tel. Woolacombe 165.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

SURREY Highlands for week-ends, holidays or permanent resid. Country house atmosphere. Children welcome. H. & c. all rooms. Efficient cent. htg. Log fires. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, nr. Farnham, Frensham 386.

VEGETARIAN Country Club, high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Upwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3633.

LONDON, 124 Sutherland Ave., Maida Vale. Bed, breakfast, dinner (12s. 6d. daily incl.), b. & c., gas fires, all rms. Terms. Reduced terms perm. residents. Tel. CUN. 2554.

SUMMER holidays. Modernised cottage Devon village. Good cooking, hot baths. Lovely walking or driving country. Vacancies August & Sept. Terms moderate. Fern Cottage, Broadhempston, nr. Totnes, S. Devon.

HYTHE, Kent. Seafront guest house offers bed, breakfast and "staggered" dinner, 4 & 4½ gns., all amenities, h. & c. all rooms. Tel. Hythe 67249. 60 Marine Parade.

BRITTANY. Excellent bourgeois cooking at pension de famille, 800frs. (16s.) p.d. per person inclusive. Quiet village, lovely rocky coast, Maerton, Karminic, Plourgerzeau, Finistère.

TOURING Devon? Sunny Dene Guest House, Exeter by-pass, Hill Barton Road, has vacancies. Bed and breakfast from 2 guineas. Telephone 67290.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 60 acres. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

EDINBURGH. Bed, breakfast, attractive rooms. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CHN. 4871.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Golf, Fishing. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food. Excellent centre.

BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence; boating, fishing, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

FORGET your troubles and stay at The Manor House, Duddlestrewell, Ashdown Forest. 'Phone Nutley 2.

HANOVER Hotel, The Steyne, Bognor Regis, Board residence. Every comfort & convenience. Children welcomed, half price. Terms moderate. Tel. 933.

ALPINE Hotel Klausen, Unterschachen, Switzerland, offers splendid holidays in a most romantic mountain surroundings. Price per day: 12 Swiss francs. Family arrangements.

ITALY: When in Rome, stay at Pensione Lampi, 61 Via Margutta. Central, quiet position, excellent food, moderate prices.

OVERLOOKING sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 3614.

W. Coast of Ireland. Come & enjoy the Atlantic Ocean and heather-clad mountains: Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

CROWHURST Park Hotel, Battle, Sussex, 50 miles from London, 4 miles Hastings. Lovely country and sea. The hotel with a big reputation for very good food and friendliness. All our guests return and send others. Write for illustrated brochure. From 7gns. Battle 369.

DITTISHAM - on - the - Dart, S. Devon. Coombe Farm Hotel. Quiet restful holiday in Queen Anne Manor House, with 20th Century comforts and conveniences. Unique centre for country, river and coastal scenery. Farm produce. Vacancies July & September.

FOLKESTONE. 2 minutes from Leas. Comfortable house in beautiful surroundings. Spend your holidays on the Kent coast. Open all the year round. Terms moderate. Write 10 Augusta Gardens. 'Phone 2952.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 38 delightful hotels in Devon and Cornwall, described & recommended in "Ride-&-Walk Book." Post free, 1s. 6d. N. S. Hilson, 45 Fleet St. Torquay.

CHILDREN'S Guest House; country life, own farm produce, woodland, pony. White, Box Wood, Stevenage, Herts.

CORNWALL. "Just as nice as Paradise & Cawsey half as far." Especially during July. Lovely beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath, golf Bude, Enodoc, Fishing, 15 acres grounds. Farm produce. Interior-sprung mattresses. Trethatrock Manor, Port Isaac 234.

BRIGHTON. Old and new friends welcomed at Queensbury Hotel, Regency Sq. (facing West Pier). Good food and all amenities. Full board at mod. terms. Brighton 233581.

WEST Sussex. Woodfield Hotel, Fernhurst, offers a holiday with excellent home-produced food, first-class comfort and well-kept gardens in beautiful country unsurpassed for walking or riding. Easy access South Coast and London. Postal address and station: Haslemere, Surrey. Fernhurst 276.

CORNWALL—Sennen Cove Hotel, Land's End. 'Phone Sennen 275. First class. Fully licensed; accommodates 80; excellent cuisine; unsurpassed sea views; safe bathing; excellent sands and rugged coastal scenery. High season terms 30s. per day.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmmdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (rtd.).

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children welcomed. 4/5gns. p.w. Vacancies July, September. "Centrestead," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4577.

BOGNOR (Pier View, Steyne), full board residence, hot and cold water, every comfort & convenience. Children welcome, half price. Terms moderate. Central.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. The Lawns Private Hotel, where food and comfort matters. Unrivalled position on sea front. Vacancies excepting August. Terms 5-5½gns. 'Phone 291.

BOARD residence: sea, 3 minutes. Spacious grounds; home produce. Brown Acres, Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Tel. Aldeburgh 319.

WAYFARERS Restaurant of Granville Place, Orchard Street, W.1. MAY. 5125, have opened a Branch Establishment at 33 Oxford Street, W.1. GER. 4713 (opposite Pratcatt) for the service of their teas, coffees, snacks, light meals and Continental Delikatessen. Open till midnight for after-theatre suppers, etc. Fully licensed. Tariff and quality as at Granville Place.

PERSONAL

ISLAND holiday, small cottage on remote island off coast Donegal. 4 coms. beds, water, some mod. cons. & daily help. Own lake & beach & use of dinghy. Rent 5-7gns. weekly according to dates. WELbeck 3800.

WOULD country household offer keep and pocket money, few months—widow with son 3½, in return capable help house, garden, farm, drive car. Box 7344.

OFFICE accommodation for progressive and altruistic organisations, sharing offices and essential services, small meetings, reasonable charges. Write Research Co-ordination Committee, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

TEXTILE manufacturing expert will advise converters, exporters on manufacturing and technical problems. Box 27, 266 Earls Court Rd. S.W.5.

UNABLE to obtain delivery of a new car, advertiser would appreciate opportunity to purchase from private owner a low mileage post-war saloon. Box 7427.

FRANK L. Farr, organiser, writer, speaker, late British-Polish Society, wants a job. Any worthwhile objective. Box 7533.

APPOINTMENTS for portraits by John Vickers which are required urgently should be booked before July 21 as staff holidays may cause a little delay after that date. Phone Victoria 4915.

AU Pair: Energetic gentlewoman 45-50 needed now to assist another with typing (not shorthand), shopping, rock garden, driving car & general helpful companionship. Maids kept. Nice cycling & walking country close sea, S. Wales. Full partics. & refs. Box 7443.

DOCTOR'S family would like young girl (University student?) share work and holiday in N. Cornwall cottage 4 weeks August. Terms by arrangement at interview. 138 The Grove, Ealing, W.5. (Please don't 'phone.)

LADY reqs. another as sketching companion for hol. 1st fortnight Sept. Box 7499.

YOUNG lady requires job for end July, August. Chauffeuse-companion. Medel. Box 7506.

EX-Summerhill girl wants resident job. Care children preferred. Try anything. Write Box 7311.

FLUTE tutor required by beginner, evenings preferably. S.W.1. Box 7320.

SECRETARY-Accountant, married woman, 2 children (5—1), seeks part-time post with accom., preferably South. Box 7593.

TO let: 2 rooms, suitable for lectures, board/committee meetings. Apply: Warden, Courtauld Ho., Byng Pl., Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

PERSONAL—*continued*

PROFESSIONAL man desires change employment. Aged 40. Ten years industrial personnel and welfare manager all branches. Wide experience additionally disabled and neurotic persons. First-class administrative experience. Specialist apprentice training. Deep understanding human affairs, N.S. minded. Unmarried. Mobile. Box 7293.

ENGLISH taught by woman. Honours graduate; foreigners & others. HUSton 6982.

EXHIBITING artist would like few pupils, private or class. W. Hampstead district. Moderate. Box 7257.

AUSTRIAN Salzkammergut. Private party August 20-September 3. £26 incl. B.T.B., 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

EDITOR, writer, admin. & public relations experience; young, versatile, free to tackle anything from leaflet to illustrated magazine, as writing of MSS. & layout, typog., etc., of freelance or on staff. Travelled far & rough, including Arctic. Mixed with great & low. Enthusiastic, invined, industry, educ., social. Write Box 7258.

CONSCIENTIOUS Objectors. The next F.A.U. International Service will begin on August 8th, 1930, and Pacifists wishing to join the Service should apply immediately to F.A.U. International Service, Sheep, Petersfield, Hants.

OWNER of comfortable home in real country (Home Counties) would like to have young woman as paying guest. Charge nominal if some help in garden. Box 7483.

TO Writers.—15,366 Classified Cuttings for sale cheap if for taken. J. F. D., 38 Haringey Park, Crouch End, N.8.

ARTIST and family have accommodation in period farmhouse, attractive village Suffolk-Essex border. Tuition and criticism in painting and crafts if desired. Use of own private studio. Informal atmosphere. Superlative cooking. Children welcomed. Box 7446.

CAR Owners. We would join you for holiday car trip home or abroad sharing expenses, driving; ages 27, knowledge foreign languages. John and Margot, Derwent 6100.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

SERMONS, sermon-help, B.D. Confidential, individual. Particulars and specimen 1s. Box 7312.

GOOD income can be made by story or article writing. Send for Secrets of Successful Writing, free, from Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 182 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/1911), Palace Gate, W.8.

SUMMER Holiday for children at Eastbourne under ideal conditions, organised by C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex.

NATIONAL Service. The Acts still make provision for you to register as a conscientious objector. If you intend to do so, write for advice: Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

MADAME Arcona, singing & voice authority: Classics, Oratorio, Opera, Light music for Radio, Concert, Theatre, Films. 14 Hanover St., W.1. MAY. 4318.

PAINTING holidays, July-Oct. Glorious Welsh coast. Modern tuition. Box 7743.

HOUSE-Party holidays; combine an informal outdoor holiday with meeting interesting people from this country and abroad. Tennis, bathing, foreign language practice, discussions, etc. July 28 to September 2, including special Bank Holiday Party: Winchester or New Forest by the sea, or Eire near Dublin. Also Austrian house-party near Kitzbühel July 14-August 19 and other continental holidays.—Erna Low, 9, Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Ken. 0931.

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IMPECUNIOUS but aesthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

ABSOLUTELY all-in fully conducted holidays in Austria, Balearics, France, Switzerland, Northby Ave., Chesham, Surrey. (VIG. 0405.)

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ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.0. Sat. & Sun. 4.0 and 8.0. "Heartbreak House." Members.

UNITY. "The Circling Dove." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. BUS. 5391.

THE Theatre Club, Crouch Hill, N.8. "Viceroy Sarah," from Wed. July 12 to Sat. July 22 inclus. Members only.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. July 9, 7.30: "Entre Onze Heures et Minuit" (A).

HASLEMERE Festival Silver Jubilee, July 15-22. Music of the Early Masters. Director: Carl Dolmetsch. Particulars: Chappell's, 50, New Bond St., or Haslemere Hall. Tel. 361. Hourly trains from Waterloo. 7s. 6d. to 2l. 9d. Concerts, Exhibitions and Lectures.

HANDEL'S Italian Contemporaries in London. Works for two cellos by Bononcini, Sammartini and Pasquali. Sonatas-Viola d'Amore by Ariosti. Concert given by London Baroque Ensemble, under Karl Haas. Sat., July 8, 8 p.m. 'Phone for numbered programme (FRO. 0360). Gregory Pearson Concert Society, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

BACH Organ Works. Thurs. June 15-July 20, Fri., July 28, 6.30, Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone (opp. Gt. Portland St. Stn.).

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St. Sun. July 9 at 8 p.m. Lieder Recital by Hanna Lowen (Schumann, Wolf, Mahler, Peter Ury). Non-members 1s.

EXHIBITIONS

THE Contemporary Italian Art Book Exhibition at the Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1) has been prolonged until Saturday, July 29. Entrance free (weekdays only) from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Saturdays inclusive (on Tuesdays and Fridays until 7 p.m.).

WILLIAM and Mary and their Time, organised by the Arts Council, Victoria and Albert Museum. Till Aug. 20. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

PICASSO: Exhibition of retrospective character, opening at Knokke-Le Zoute (Belgium) on Sunday, July 16. Closing August 27. Organised by E.L.T. Mesens, director of The London Gallery.

CAMILLE Pissarro: Paintings, Pastels and Water-colours at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PAINTINGS of Nigerian People and Scenes by M. Maurice Fievet, Imperial Institute, S. Kensington, daily to July 15 (not Sundays), 10-6. Admission free. Sponsored by Nigerian Government.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., London, W.1. 19th Century French Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Exhibition of Jewish paintings and sculpture. Mons.-Fridays 10-5 p.m. Suns. 2.30-5 p.m.

YORKSHIRE Artists. Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhib. English & French Paintings, Drawings & Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Oeuvres Choisies: Vuillard, Utrillo, Soutine, Braque, etc. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

FIVE Young Contemporaries, and Sculpture and Gouaches by Peter Sager. Also Lithographs by Suzanne Hunnicutt. At Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Exhibition of original photographs of Ceylon by Lionel Wendt. Until July 15.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Permeke. First exhibition in England.

EXHIBITION illustrating The Conservation of Historical Treasures of Poland. At R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St., July 6-16. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-1. Adm. free.

BRITISH Empire Timbers used in Contemporary Furniture at Heals, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

GARDEN Furniture. There is a display of garden furniture of metal, cane, elm and teak to be found at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival. State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open (except Tuesday, July 11) 10-7 daily and Suns.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery, "Painters' Progress," open daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

"JAMES Joyce: His Life and Work." Exhibition of MSS., portraits, books, etc. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. 10-6 (not Suns.), June 14 to July 12. Adm. 1s. 6d.; members free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"THE Cold War"—All-Party Brains Trust. Gilbert Harding (Question Master), Leah Manning, Ivor Montagu, Richard O'Sullivan, K.C., D. N. Pritt, K.C., Gordon Schaffer, J. MacCallum Scott. Tues. July 11, 8 p.m. Hammersmith Town Hall. Admis. 1s. at door.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PUBLIC Meeting. The West Indies Sugar Delegation, George Padmore and Dr. H. B. Morgan, M.P., Friday, July 7, at 7.30, at Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd. Chair: Yacoub Osman. Org. by London Centre of the Congress of Peoples against Imperialism.

THE Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. SLO. 0453). Mon., July 10 at 6.15 p.m. Dr. Domenico de' Paoli will give a lecture (in French) on "Contemporary Italian Music," illus. by records. Mr. Edward Lockspeiser will be in the chair. Ent. free.

"CATHOLIC Church Fighting Reaction." Bach Wednesday evening in July, at 6.30 p.m., Fr. Paul Crane, S.J., B.Sc. (Econ.) London., Lecturer at Catholic Workers' College, Oxford, will give a Catholic statement of policy at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm St., W.1. All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wednesday, July 12, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The Shadows in Germany," Basil Davidson of "The New Statesman." Adm. 1s. 6d.

BEVERLEY Baxter, M.P., Monday, July 10, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 12.30-1.30 p.m.

URSULA Edgcumbe: "Beyond Words." At the Ethical Church, 42 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, July 9, at 11 a.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public lecture Wed., July 12, 6.30. "Wake Up." Mr. R. Fussell.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday meetings at 11 o'clock. July 9: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Meaning of Good." Adm. free.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tuesdays 1 p.m. July 11: "Yoga and the Nature of the Self." July 18: "Yoga and the Emotions." July 25: Talk cancelled.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SPEECH in the School. One-Year and Two-Year Evening Courses for teachers (separate Infant, Junior and Secondary classes) directed by Marjorie Gullan. Voice and speech; solo and choral speaking; drama for schools. Term begins week of September 25. Particulars from Speech Fellowship, 1 Park Crescent, London, W.1. (Langham 5147).

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Matric., Special Entr., Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., M.A., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; also for General Certificate of Education, Ordinary and Advanced Levels (London, Oxford, Cambridge, and other), Civil Service, Local Government, etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Diplomas; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGHAM Secretarial College. Thorough training for educated girls leads to well-paid private secretarial posts at home and overseas. Vacancies Sept. 4 & October 2. Prospectus: Secretary, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. Euston 5211.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., London, N.W.3 (Ham. 5986). Resident/day students. Special arrangements for graduates. Active Appointments Dept.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal, Miss P. Spafford, O.B.E. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd. Bedford.

BASIC Movement Centre. Exercises in correct posture, walking, breathing. Free movement to music. Classes & private lessons. Secretary, 1 Rutland Grove, W.6.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

BURTON Manor, Burton, Wirral, Cheshire. Short Residential Courses for the Citizen. Course 140: Sun., Sept. 10-Fri., Sept. 22, "The Human Factor in Industry." Course 141: Sun., Sept. 10-Fri., Sept. 15, "What Philosophy Means to You!" Course 142: Sun., Sept.17-Fri., Sept. 22, "Man and the Community." Course 143: Fri., Sept. 22-Sun., Sept. 24, Course on Discussion Method (In Conjunction with the Bureau of Current Affairs). Course 145: Mon., Sept. 25-Thurs., Sept. 28, Special Short Residential Conference for Education Officers in Industry. Fees: £4 5s. per week (£3 10s. for Merseyside Students). Applications to: The Warden, Burton Manor College, Burton-in-Wirral, Cheshire. (2351b.

SUMMER Film School, British Film Institute, August 15-29, at Bangor, Neuadd Reichel, University College of North Wales. The art, history and techniques of the film. Morning lectures by leading film makers, critics and writers; afternoons free; evening film shows and discussion. Private single rooms, hot and cold water. Fully inclusive fee 12 guineas for fortnight. Enquiries for few remaining places immediately please to: Course Organiser, B.F.I., 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2, or enquire TEM. 1642.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

A Summer School on Juvenile Delinquency will be held at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts., from August 12-19. Lecturers include Mrs. Vesta Gill, Dr. Edward Glover, Dr. J. A. Hadfield, Dr. Hermann Mannheim, Dr. Emanuel Miller, Dr. J. D. W. Pearce, Dr. Peter D. Scott, Mr. D. H. Stott and Dr. Alfred Torrie. The school will study the present situation and will consider further methods of enquiry within the community. Particulars may be obtained from the General Secretary, Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1.

THE Advisory Committee on Amateur Opera announces a Summer School in Opera for Amateurs at Wimpole Park, near Cambridge, from July 26-August 3, 1950, under the direction of Sumner Austin. Classes will be held in Grand Opera and Classical Opera, covering all aspects of production and presentation. There will be lectures on conducting, acting, make-up, costume, decor and lighting, etc. For further particulars, apply to: The Secretary, The Advisory Committee on Amateur Opera, c/o The National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1.

"THE Enjoyment of Living." Progressive League Holiday Conference at Fernden School, Haslemere, Surrey, Sat., Aug. 26-Sept. 2. Lectures on Poetry, Travel, Nature, Dress, Children, etc. Speakers will include Julian Duguid, Stevie Smith, E. L. Grant Watson, Doris Langley Moore. Specially suitable for parents with children. Recreations: Swimming, rambling, sun-bathing, music and poetry, ballroom and country dancing. Fees: Mems. £5 5s., non-mems. £5 15s. 6d. Reduced rates for younger children. Applic. with full fee to Hon. Sec. (private address) 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

COUNTRY Week-end in the heart of London: July 15 & 16. Conference on The Main World Religions. Charge (not including meals), 15s. 6d. Meals (scientifically planned) 2s. 6d. each, bed & bkfast. 7s. 6d. Also Summer Schools, July 15 and Aug., in London and abroad. Apply Registrar, Internatl. People's College, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

WILLIAM Temple College, Hawarden, Chester. Two Summer Holiday Courses on "Christianity in an Industrial Age." Lectures, discussions, visits of observation, excursions. Aug. 4-13 and Sept. 8-17. £7 10s. for 9 days. Principal: Miss E. M. Batten, O.B.E.

FOREIGN holiday in England. Join an informal house party, meet interesting visitors from abroad and practise your languages. Language classes and exchange, July 28-Aug. 8, nr. Winchester, Berkshire. Aug. 4-Sept. 2, in New Milton, Hampshire, by the sea and near New Forest, also Irish house party nr. Dublin. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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THE London Camera Exchange Co., Ltd., will purchase for cash, exchange, or sell on commission, all serviceable types of Photographic and Optical Apparatus and Accessories in sound condition. Good prices allowed. Call, write or 'phone (City 4581), 55 Buckleysbury, Queen Victoria St. E.C.4. (Minute from Bank and Mansion House.)

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CALLING All Animal Lovers. Subscribe 12-day to the Million Shillings Fund to save our wild animals from cruel treatment. Sec. (N), League Against Cruel Sports, 52 Maddox St., London, W.1.

EYESIGHT—those interested in the Bates method of visual re-education and sight-training can obtain particulars from the Bates Practitioners Association, 10 Harcourt House, 19a Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the famous Coltsfoot blend, still supreme, a delightful smoke. 2s. 6d. per 4oz., post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, History, Philosophy, Politics, Economics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. July issue now ready. Of all booksellers. 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

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BOOKS bought for cash. High prices offered for recent or pre-war novels and non-fiction in fine condition. Complete libraries or small lots purchased. Bernard Hanison, 57 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

PRE-WAR Novels wanted. Not pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Near Lyric Theatre, W.6. Riv. 6807.

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L. SIMMONDS, 18 Fleet Street. Central 1907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

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FIRE. 6-roomed house with 16 acres of land attached for sale, Connemara, seaside; house overlooks Cleggan Bay. Bathing, sea & lake fishing facils. Apply: Martin King, Rossadilisk, Cleggan, Clifden, Connemara.

ATTRACTIVELY designed stone bungalow, detached, well-stocked garden, 6 rooms, sun-lounge, bathroom, w.c., garage, 'phone. Ideally situated outside village 10 mls. Oxford. £2,500-£3,000. Box 7549.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 53, 54, 55

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